PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 8 1950

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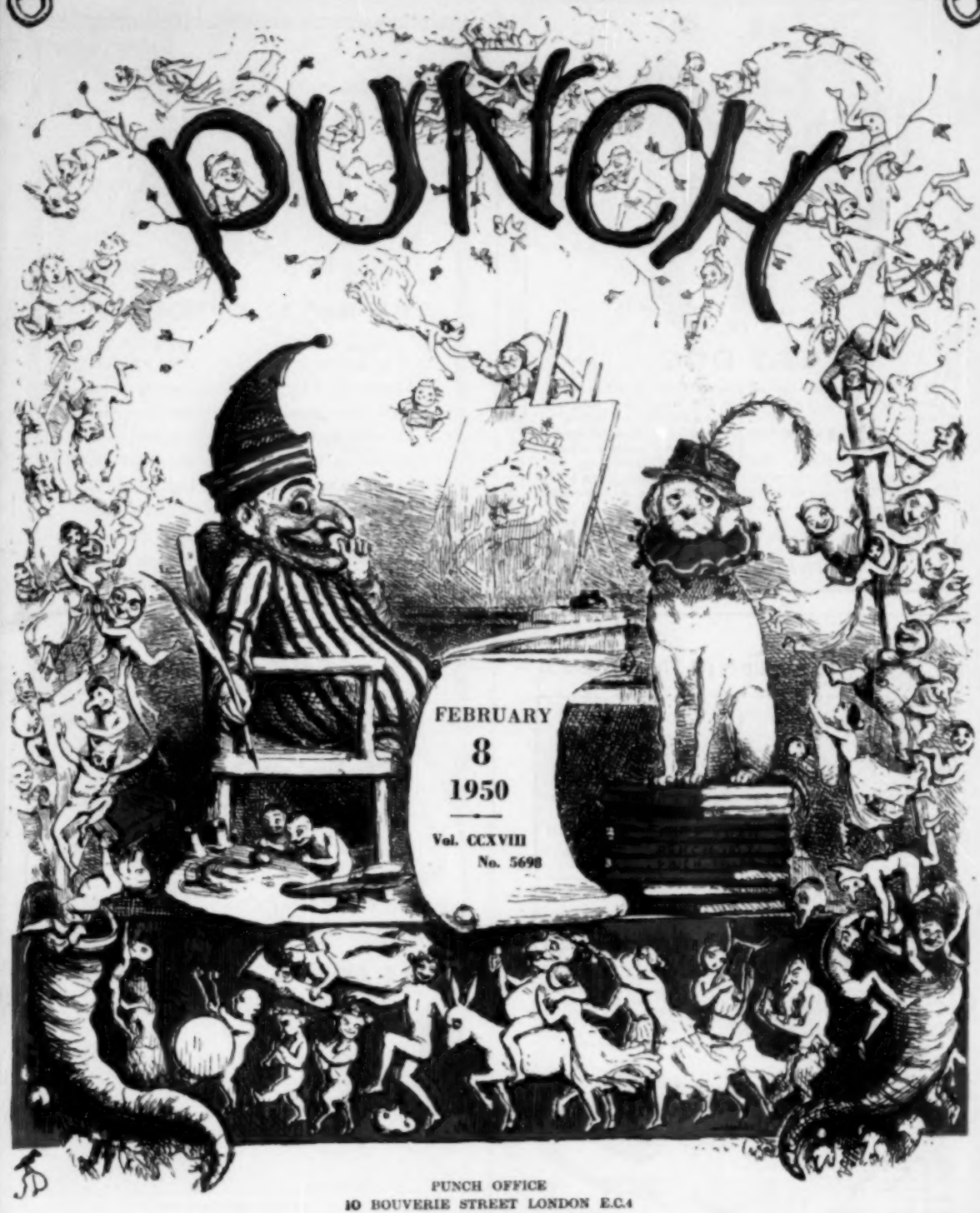
PUNCH



PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4

GAY DOG

"I used to think this dog had breeding — but alas, after last night . . ."
"*Don't tell me he devoured the Sunday chop.*"
"No, a policeman's leg. Resisting arrest in the small hours. Fell in with a couple of terriers and was found barking at a statue."
"*Which reminds me, Gerald, of the night you delivered an address to Eros in indifferent Greek and hung a nose-bag on Gladstone.*"
"The intemperance of youth! Ever since I learnt the basic principle of diluting one's gin with Rose's Lime Juice, I can look back on a Saturnalia without distress."
"*What about a couple of Rose's now, basically diluted with gin?*"

ROSE'S — *for Gin and Lime*

Mrs. Crisp in the Weetabix Cereal

Mrs. Crisp: I called to return your pastry bowl. Having late elevenses?
Sally: No, this is my lunch.

Sally: I can't cook on Mondays, the washing tires me out so.
Mrs. Crisp: But why not have WEETABIX? There's no cooking at all. I've a packet here . . .

Mrs. Crisp: . . . and you can eat it with milk, or dry like a biscuit with jam. And have some cheese, and an apple or orange. Then you really do get a meal.

Sally: Stay and have it with me! I always thought WEETABIX was just for children?
Mrs. Crisp: The children discovered it but grown-ups always fall for its flavour. And it's very nourishing and digestible!

Weetabix
— more than a breakfast food

WEETABIX is made from Wheat blended with malt, sugar and salt, crisply toasted, then pressed into convenient portions. There are many ways of serving WEETABIX

Write to Mrs. Crisp for free folder of recipes; 13 Constantia House, Burton Latimer, Northants.

BY ROYAL COMMAND

'Take a shop,' said the Prince, and Mr. Marcovitch, who, a hundred years ago, was making his cigarettes in an obscure room near Piccadilly knew that their excellence had made him famous. Ever since, Marcovitch Cigarettes have been made to the same high standards as won the approval of that Eminent Personage and his friends; they are rolled of the very finest tobacco, for the pleasure of those whose palates appreciate perfection.

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BLACK AND WHITE
cigarettes for Virginia smokers
25 for 5/3

Also **BLACK AND WHITE SMOKING MIXTURE**
2 oz. tin 9/5

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"Ride a Cock Horse to Banbury Cross . . . ." We cannot, we fear, honestly claim the original and decorative lady of the Cross as a customer of Barclays. She should have been, of course—with all that jewellery, she needed somewhere safe to leave it when her white horse carried her away from Banbury on visits or on holidays. We are, however happy to number many 'fine ladies' among our Banbury customers today. They bank with us, we like to think, because they feel that the Barclays tradition of willing service to the local community means that their financial affairs will be attended to with competence and care ; because, in fact, they feel that though they may not 'have music wherever they go' their relations with their banker will always be harmonious and pleasant.

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The Barclays system of Local Head Offices—with Local Directors who really know their districts—means that special attention is given to the differing problems of different localities. There are 30 Local Head Offices in England and Wales.

"Do you know this firm Fred?"

"No! and I'm not very impressed. Look at the typing. As a matter of fact, that's one of the very reasons why the guv'nor standardised on Imperial typewriters. He wanted to make sure that all our letters created good first impressions".

Imperial Typewriters

are worth waiting for

IMPERIAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY LIMITED, LEICESTER, ENG.

HONOURABLE WOUND

We went through the war together, but it was rapping for order at the Village Hall last night that proved the last straw! Never mind, a briar splice will soon put things right; we're good for many ounces of even, slow-burning Three Nuns yet . . . and that reminds me, might I have my pouch back? I've a second string ready in my pocket . . .

Three Nuns

TN11

His name became a word *in many languages*

JOHN LOUDON MCADAM, born in Ayrshire in 1756, introduced a new system of road-building to replace the miry ways of the eighteenth century. G. M. Trevelyan, the historian, has said that "*without McAdam's hard, smooth roads the Industrial Revolution would not have been possible.*" The secret, he discovered, lay in the use of stones of graduated uniform sizes . . . bigger at the foundations and smaller on the surface. He had to overcome the enormous difficulty of measuring countless millions of stones, and also the opposition of the Turnpike authorities. His driving will prevailed, and gradually the word "macadam" and later the word "Tarmac" became familiar in many languages.

What McAdam achieved with foresight and determination, Britons can and must achieve today. Just as McAdam helped to bring about the Industrial Revolution, so today each of us can contribute to the building of a better future. The Electricity Industry is playing its part in bringing more power and better appliances to our factories and homes; this, with our efforts, will bring us better living.

"ELECTRICITY TURNS OLD HOUSES INTO NEW FLATS" *is the title of a helpful booklet which the Electrical Development Association offers free of charge to house-owners and to all who are battling against the housing shortage.*
Ask at your Electricity Service Centre, or write to E.D.A., 2 Savoy Hill, London, W.C.2

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The construction of inland waterways greatly contributed to the success of the Industrial Revolution. Among the Commissioners appointed in 1768 to examine the financial aspect of canal development was a banker: Sampson Lloyd, one of the founders of Lloyds Bank.

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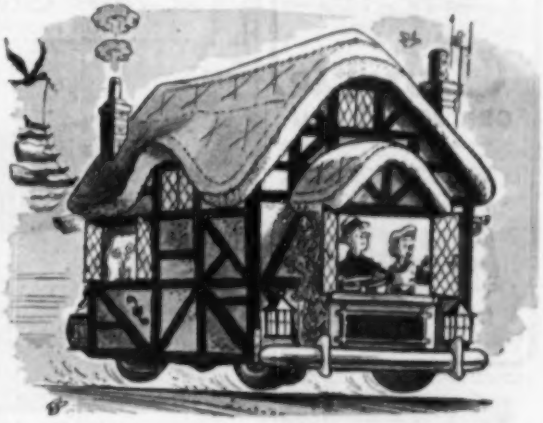

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ESCAPE TO THE PAST

An olive baked in turkey

AT the start of this somewhat troubled century there lived, in France, an Epicure whose table and cellars were renowned.

One day, he sent an emissary to Italy, to pick for him the perfect olive from the olive groves on the peninsular of Sermione, where Catullus feasted two thousand years ago.

When the olive arrived, a small wren was stuffed with it. The tiny wren (plus olive) was stuffed inside a sparrow. The sparrow in a thrush. The thrush in a pigeon. The pigeon in a partridge. The partridge in a hen. The hen in a duck. The duck in a goose. The goose inside a turkey. Special wines, special sauces, special syrups embalmed this lordly dish of mixed fowl. The whole was then slowly grilled, on the spit, for two days.

Ceremoniously, the dish was served. Reverently, the Epicure ate the olive. The flesh was fed to the dogs.

• • •

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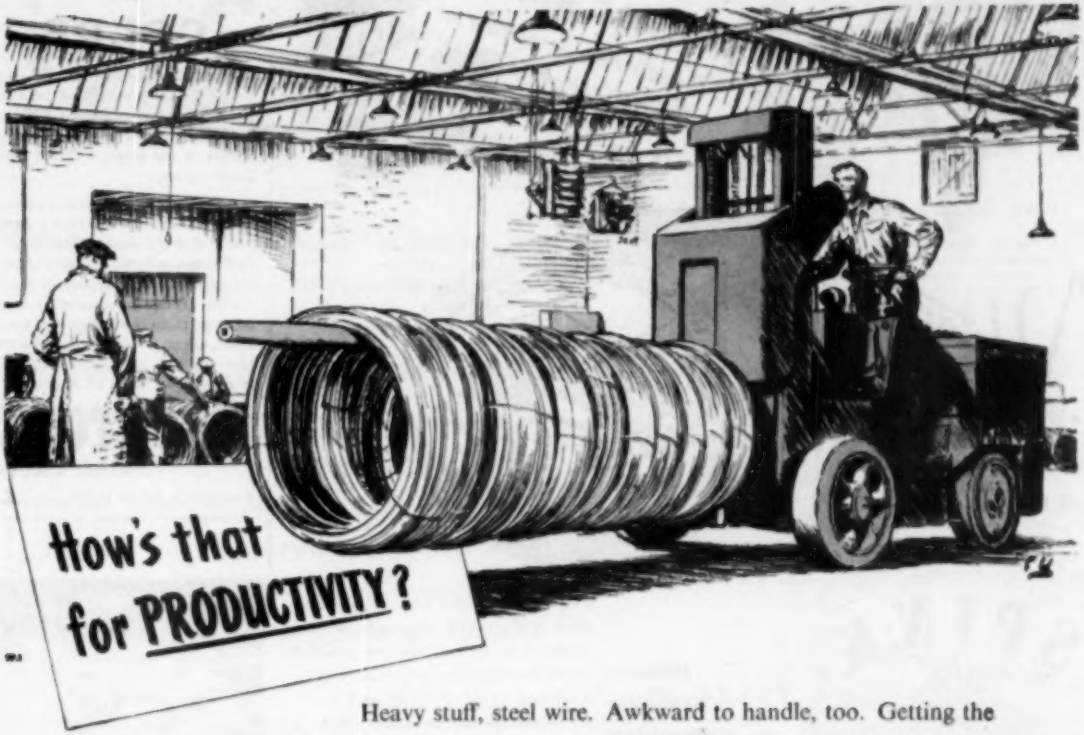

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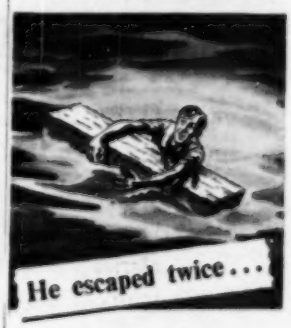

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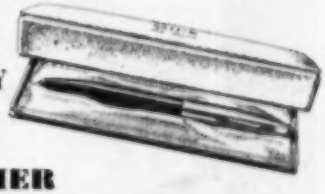

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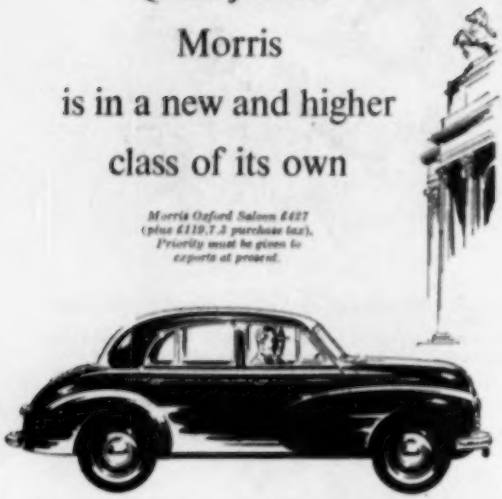

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LOOK at the enlarged part of the picture and see for yourself. It seems to be covered with holes. The reason lies in the process used to put this photograph into print. Before the picture is printed it has to be broken up into black dots and white spaces by a special photographic process. That's where Kodak comes into the picture again with constant research and special materials for the process.

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CHARIVARIA

In a U.S. prison newspaper a veteran inmate who robbed railway passengers back in the 'eighties describes how, as a little boy, he was a page at his sister's wedding. Some years elapsed before he held up his second train.

In 1912 Mr. E. H. Bibbing, of Bristol, sent a postcard from Penzance to a friend at home and it has just been delivered. It is, of course, uphill most of the way.

A wireless critic suggests that so many radio features now have studio audiences that all broadcasts might as well be made under these conditions. A specially hand-picked *claque* would be needed to lead the nation's laughter during the party political broadcasts.

Economists are beginning to fear that Germany is living beyond our means.

A new element produced at the University of California has been named Berkelium, after the town of Berkeley, home of the university. It is hoped that this does not presage another schism in the pronunciation of Latin.

Any Questions?

"Mr. Comyns Beaumont, who proposed the toast 'The Immortal Memory,' urged the reality of the claim that Bacon was the son of Queen Elizabeth, and in support of it pointed out that Francis was supposed to be the child of Sir Nicholas Bacon and Lady Bacon."

"The Times"

Gelovani, who plays Stalin in a new Russian colour film, *The Fall of Berlin*, grew a genuine moustache for the part. We hear he found the task bristled with difficulty.

"Mrs. M. Weiss (Argentine) and Pedro Masip (Spain) walked over Mrs. Sarah Palfrey and Sumant Misra (India) who were scratched.

South China paper

Dangerous game, tennis.

Farmers in Shropshire report that an old dog-fox that has been raiding their poultry in daylight has apparently lost its brush. Or of course it may be one that has swum over from the Isle of Man.

A BALLADE OF HANOVER SQUARE

By-laws made pursuant to Section 15 of the Open Space Act, 1906, with respect to the management of Hanover Square Garden by resolution of the Committee of Management, 25th March, 1949.

YOU who would hold a partridge shoot,
Pick flowers or quarrels, spend the night,
Play Rugby football or the flute,
Wrestle, or box, or fly a kite,
Allow your Labrador to fight,
Or sit with vermin in your hair:
Though elsewhere you may have the right,
You must not do it in the Square.

Though you be eager to refute
Malthus or Marx, or prove them right,
Or drive a coach, or hold a moot,
Or fire your pistol, or recite,
Strew broken bottles left and right,
Or scatter bits of chinaware,
Or jog your neighbour's chair in spite;
You must not do it in the Square.

You must not wear your oldest suit,
Or sell a bank or building-site,
Or pull up daisies by the root,
Or stand on railings or your right,
Or ask for loans or for a light,
Climb trees, throw stones, or sing, or swear:
Whatever may be your delight,
You must not do it in the Square.

Envoi

Prince eponymous, if your sprite,
Eager to breathe the upper air,
Should seek a place to walk the night,
You must not do it in the Square.

THE ALPS, N.W.

I REGRET to see that "the dispatch of snow from Norway for a ski-jump on Hampstead Heath" has been treated frivolously by a gentleman named Beachcomber in the *Daily Express*.

It is no laughing matter for householders in this respectable borough—especially those within an easy avalanche ride from the top of the hill.

As a member of the committee of the Hampstead Heath and Old Hampstead Defence Society I have written to our president as follows:

DEAR SIR AMARANTH,—You will no doubt have observed with some concern the proposed addition to the amenities (*sic*) of Hampstead Heath, which cannot fail to affect the cause our Society has so much at heart. A ski-jump on Hampstead Heath may be in the best interests of the borough, and if so I feel sure that it is our duty to foster and nourish it to the utmost of our power, but is there not grave reason to fear that it may suffer from neglect during the parts of the year usually associated with milder climatic conditions than the present month, and that it will demand the continuous endeavours of the Society to secure its proper preservation and maintenance!

I submit therefore that a meeting of the Society should be called to make an urgent representation to the L.C.C. Parks Committee and whatever other authority may have this so-called pastime under its control. We should point out the necessity—

(1) For the constant and careful refrigeration of the jump during the months of June, July and August.

(2) For some safeguard against the depredations of visitors to the Heath during the days of the Whitsuntide and August Bank Holidays, when we have every reason to anticipate that portions of the jump may be removed by children who will attempt to find in it material for the manufacture of ice-cream.

I suggest that a further letter should also be written to the borough council, urging the appointment of a special sub-committee to test the ski-jump at frequent and regular intervals during the summer under the auspices of the mayor and the town clerk.

And now as to our own Society. There can be little doubt that the presence of a Norwegian ski-jump will tend to encourage the rarer winter migrants among our feathered friends. I allude in particular to the glaucous gull, the pink-footed goose, the Siberian pectoral sandpiper and the American stint.

Nay more, we may soon be able to listen on the icy waters of our own little meres to the loud bugling note of the elk or whooper swan and even the bark or grunt of Bewick's variety.

All these birds, whether casual visitors or desirous of nidification in our midst, must be preserved from annoyance, and members of the committee and their friends should be asked to form small parties to take them under their care and see that they are in no way disturbed.

Yours very truly,
EVOE

THE VOTER IN WONDERLAND

IV. PERSONAL ABUSE *or* "'You will observe the Rules of Battle?' 'I always do.'"

"Say XCIX"

I PROMISED BARBARA . . .

I PROMISED Barbara that I would notice the flowers, but perhaps it would be best to have a drink first. In glasses of this size they must be very weak. This is a good position by the fireplace and it was a good thing to arrive early. Now I can see everything.

There is Amy Goodenough. How like her to be early too. I shall not see her. She has seen me. We agree about Mrs. Purcell's new hat. Here are Frank and Mary. I tell them both that we must admire the flowers. I see that the Colonel has arrived and there is the Brigadier and here are some very good shrimp patties.

There are the Macaulays and Miss Freda and the two girls from the Old Manse and four people I don't know—and there is Mrs. Drumnadrochit bearing down on me. I get behind Amy. Another drink quickly, please. And another patty. But someone knocks it out of my hand. I am sorry about the carpet but cannot move. Nor can I see anything now except the back of Amy's neck. The room must be very full. I have chosen a very hot place.

Perhaps I could squeeze through. I shall say I have promised to look at the flowers.

That's better. I am, however, the wrong height. If I were a little taller people would not continually brush the powder off my nose. But if I were too tall Mrs. Drumnadrochit would see me. Yes, thank you, I *do* feel like a sar—— Ha, ha! I see exactly what you mean. We are all like sardines.

We are indeed, but if she knew how oily she looked she would not have said that. I wonder if I ought to powder my nose again. *Do* have a cheese straw.

I think the Colonel wants to talk to me. Amy thinks he is manœuvring towards *her*. Actually he has joined Frank and Mary. I shall have another drink. They are certainly very weak. Amy can just see Lucy. She says that she is wearing her new frock with the Puritan collar and cuffs. She also says that no girl who looks so virginal should drink so much. I cannot see Lucy but I heartily agree with Amy. We tell the Brigadier to look out because Mrs. Drumnadrochit is at large. He says large is the word and Mrs. Drumnadrochit — well-what-o'ch-it! or something like that. He is very good at jokes of that kind.

Here at last are some cigarettes. But I have a cheese straw and another drink and only two hands. The Brigadier has put my cheese straw behind his ear. The party is getting better. I must try to get through to Frank and Mary and remind them about the flowers. The Brigadier says no flowers for him by

request and the Colonel says there will be a time for flowers but *nunc bibendum est*. The Brigadier says *eheu fugaces*. I had no idea they were so clever. Amy Goodenough does not understand, and I think she is foolish to laugh so loudly when the Brigadier calls the Colonel posthumous. All the same, we are becoming very amusing and I seem to be talking to a great many people, though it is difficult to hear what anyone says. If you do not shout it is best to do everything in dumb show, and probably that is what Mrs. Purcell is doing with Mr. Macaulay. But it does make the feather in her hat wobble in a funny way, and the Brigadier is saying something very witty about birds of a feather.

We have now found a place where you can lean against the *Encyclopædia*, and the Colonel is telling me all about Patagonia which arose out of the patties.

These drinks are good drinks. I agree with Frank and Mary about Amy Goodenough. I agree with Lucy about those two girls from the Old Manse. Everyone agrees with me about Mrs. Drumnadrochit. I offer my hostess a sausage roll and beg her to have another drink but she gives me one instead. . . .

Frank and Mary are certainly a very delightful couple, but we are not sorry they have to go early, because it makes room for me and the Colonel to sit on the table. The Brigadier says it doesn't matter if Mrs. Who'd-a-thocht-it does see me. A cat may look at a queen. I see exactly what he means, but still I prefer the Colonel. I advise a great many people about what to read and make up lists of good books and bad books according to who they are, but I become a little mixed and cannot always remember which are sheep and which are goats. The Brigadier says they are all sheep but Amy says they are all goats and Miss Freda keeps one now for milk. The Brigadier says no milk for *him*.

I have promised the Colonel to go riding, but he has no horse and I have no breeches. I have promised that very fat lady that I'll take my music next time I go to tea. I wonder who she thinks I am. Anyhow, I explained to her brother about how to prune his aronias and that reminds me about the flowers.

But why has Mrs. Purcell taken off her hat? And why is Amy Goodenough looking so silly? And where is the Colonel?

I see him. I wonder if I ought to tell him about my breeches? He is talking to Lucy. Perhaps not.

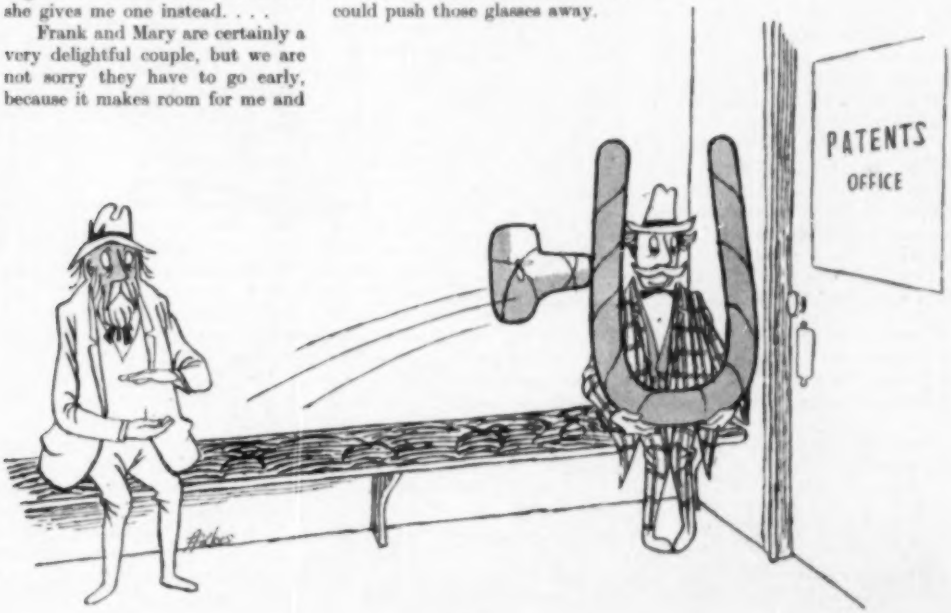
Let us all sit on the table. We could push those glasses away.

But there was no need to be so noisy about it.

I wish I could remember where I promised to go with someone for the week-end. The Colonel says it was the Island of Eigg but the Brigadier says it was Rum. Amy Goodenough says if it's rum it's rum rum, but I tell her she never understands when you talk to her in words of one syllable. The Brigadier says it isn't a syllable but a syllabub when it has rum in it. The Colonel says it's a great hubbub and he wants to go home. But I tell him his horse is not here yet. The Brigadier is now calling him Jorrocks, but he does not say it very well and he keeps on looking under the table for Mrs. What-o'clock-is-it.

I do not think they were as weak as they seemed. Perhaps if someone showed me where the door is I could find the car.

Thank you, Amy, but it is a very narrow door and there is not room for us both at the same time and I must go first because I remember now that I promised Barbara that I would go riding with the Colonel.



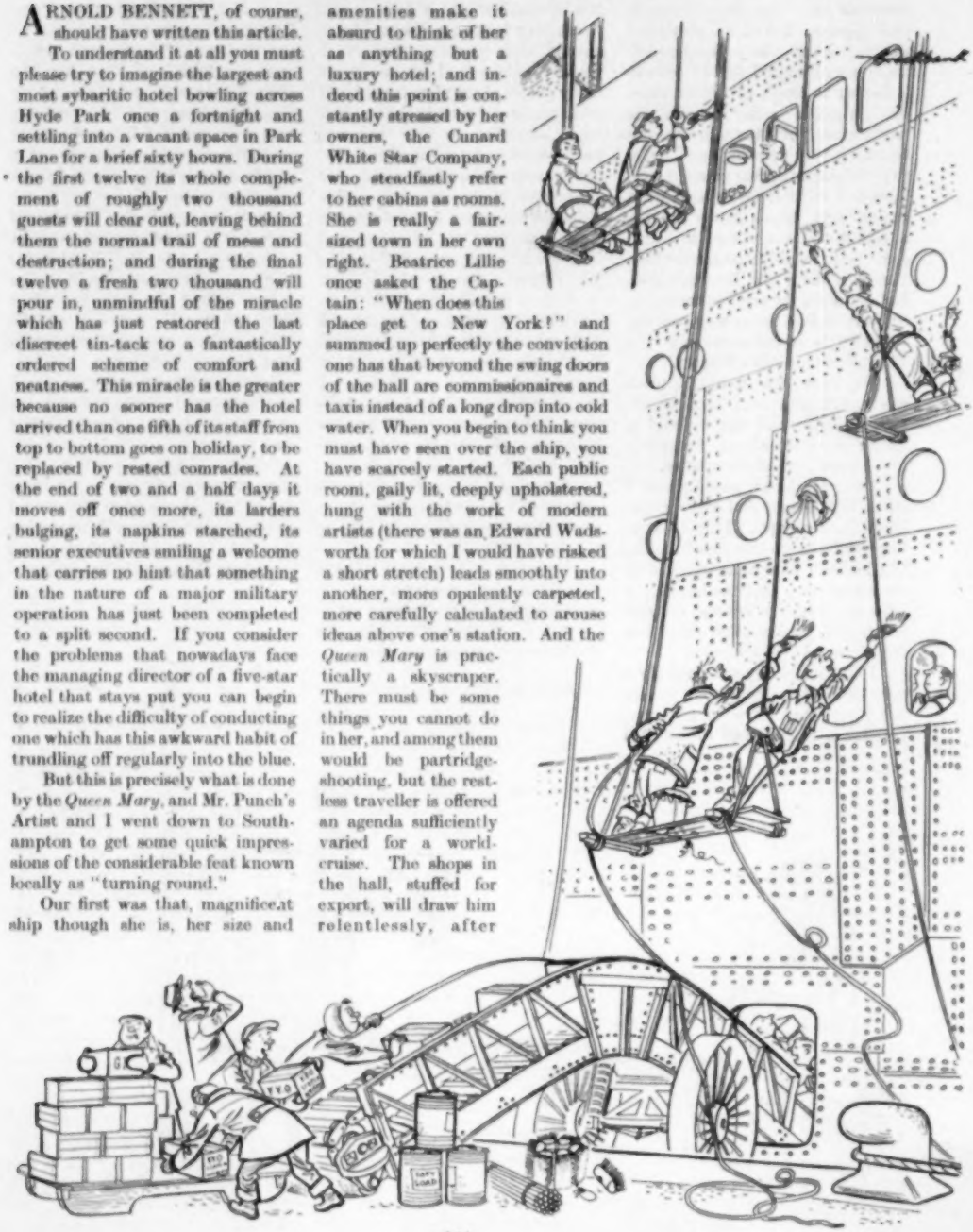
GRAND BABYLON, AHOY!

ARNOLD BENNETT, of course, should have written this article.

To understand it at all you must please try to imagine the largest and most sybaritic hotel bowling across Hyde Park once a fortnight and settling into a vacant space in Park Lane for a brief sixty hours. During the first twelve its whole complement of roughly two thousand guests will clear out, leaving behind them the normal trail of mess and destruction; and during the final twelve a fresh two thousand will pour in, unmindful of the miracle which has just restored the last discreet tin-tack to a fantastically ordered scheme of comfort and neatness. This miracle is the greater because no sooner has the hotel arrived than one fifth of its staff from top to bottom goes on holiday, to be replaced by rested comrades. At the end of two and a half days it moves off once more, its larders bulging, its napkins starched, its senior executives smiling a welcome that carries no hint that something in the nature of a major military operation has just been completed to a split second. If you consider the problems that nowadays face the managing director of a five-star hotel that stays put you can begin to realize the difficulty of conducting one which has this awkward habit of trundling off regularly into the blue.

But this is precisely what is done by the *Queen Mary*, and Mr. Punch's Artist and I went down to Southampton to get some quick impressions of the considerable feat known locally as "turning round."

Our first was that, magnificent ship though she is, her size and amenities make it absurd to think of her as anything but a luxury hotel; and indeed this point is constantly stressed by her owners, the Cunard White Star Company, who steadfastly refer to her cabins as rooms. She is really a fair-sized town in her own right. Beatrice Lillie once asked the Captain: "When does this place get to New York?" and summed up perfectly the conviction one has that beyond the swing doors of the hall are commissionaires and taxis instead of a long drop into cold water. When you begin to think you must have seen over the ship, you have scarcely started. Each public room, gaily lit, deeply upholstered, hung with the work of modern artists (there was an Edward Wadsworth for which I would have risked a short stretch) leads smoothly into another, more opulently carpeted, more carefully calculated to arouse ideas above one's station. And the *Queen Mary* is practically a skyscraper. There must be some things you cannot do in her, and among them would be partridge-shooting, but the restless traveller is offered an agenda sufficiently varied for a world-cruise. The shops in the hall, stuffed for export, will draw him relentlessly, after



which he can set about any of the following: he can ride on a mechanical camel, row in a hydraulic skiff, discard in the turkish bath some of the weight he will put on at lunch, swim in a sultan's bath, have a nice operation for appendicitis, ring up his aunt in Huddersfield, play bridge, table-tennis and shuffleboard. (Snooker? No. John Brown and Co have not yet got round to the gyroscopic billiards-room I invented years ago.) If he is a Rotarian he is encouraged to rotate, if a vegetarian to vegetate, if an octogenarian—my meaning is that in this fascinating marine monster every taste has been considered. As for the traveller's wife, all the hundred and fifty thousand horses down below will scarcely drag her from the beauty parlour, where for a mere three shillings she can have her eyebrows arched to the latest streamlined pattern.

Clearly an hotel that does thirty miles an hour and only lasts for about twenty-five years (deck corrosion and change of fashion in design are two of the chief reasons for this economic curiosity) is a costly enterprise, and transatlantic fares are heavy; but, once that hurdle is taken, being out of bond makes the most agreeable differences. Good tobacco is twelve shillings a pound, a glass of Tio Pepe only one and nine, while each of the first-growth clarets ('43's, mostly) can be had for a guinea. . . .

The main burden of "turning round" falls on the Chief Steward; and after the Staff Captain, Captain Caunce, had very kindly explained its theory we went straight to Mr. Thom, feeling rather like correspondents visiting Montgomery in his caravan. But although the battle was raging there was little reflection of it. Mr. Thom is the housekeeper for the whole ship. He told us he is still obliged to shop extensively in New York but that supplies from Europe are increasing. (Throughout the vessel we found a constant emphasis on saving dollars.) Wiltshire bacon and Stilton have lately made a glad return to a menu almost restored to pre-war health. He gets market flashes from the Paris office that help him to decide what he will pick up at Cherbourg. Should snails be well spoken of, back goes his order. In case of delay he likes to keep food for four or five days in reserve. Laundering? we asked. A third of his 500,000 pieces were being cleaned in New York, another third in Southampton. He spoke of this considerable washing-line as if it were hanging in the yard outside. . . .

Mr. Hurley, the Purser, was equally calm, though the berthing list for all three classes was on his desk. His office controls the entire paper and financial side of the ship, and all official frolics as well. The big difference between the *Queen Mary* and a land hotel, he reminded us, was that her customers were always on the premises, and therefore needed liberal entertainment, their moods changing rapidly with the elements.

I supposed the engine room would be sitting back a little, but not a bit of it. Eight of the twenty-four boilers are cleaned each time the ship docks on this side, and as soon as she ties up pipes the size of main sewers are connected for fuel and water. Mr. Davidson, the Staff Chief Engineer, declared he had never seen a breakdown in either of the "Queens." Discussing the social responsibilities of senior officers, he said he thought these bore hardest on the engineers, who spent most of their life before promotion in a submarine monastery. To be wedded to turbo-compressors and suddenly to find yourself in light conversation with Einstein must certainly be a jolt; if anything is ever a jolt to a sailor. . . .

It is very rare for visitors, even with faces as honest as ours, to be let loose among the works, but a nice young stoker was generously instructed to take us everywhere. Up and down steep steel ladders, along narrow catwalks, ducking under huge whitewashed tubes that writhed madly into the upper distance, peering through little glass doors at things that flashed and whined ("What The Stoker Saw") and coming back every now and again to a main shaft that ran with impressive solidity through the bowels of the monster like a great glistening gut. The engines, of course, are much too grand to resemble engines. I had the feeling of being in a giant surrealist laundry. "Dali," Mr. P.'s A. kept muttering, and he should know. Having always wondered why the sea didn't seep through where the screw meets the shaft, I was nevertheless surprised to see it pouring in as it would in an old water-mill. "Helps to keep the bearings cool," the stoker explained. On our way upstairs (an hotel, remember, you nautical pedants) we were arrested by familiar rhythms. "Rumba?" we both asked. "Bilge pumps," was the answer. It seemed complete. . . .

Only one baby since the war, said the Doctor, Mr. Maguire. He and his assistant are equipped for everything, but most of their cases are gastric. Looking at the menu and the raging main this was easily understood. . . .

Looking at the menu, that is, with Mr. Houching, the Restaurant Manager, proud of his postscript of twelve cheeses. Only two, alas, were British. We cordially agreed that peace would not be ratified until once again Double Gloucester had reared its lovely head. . . .

Our tour ended in the kitchens, where all such tours should end, and where the Chef, Mr. Ruffell, spoke lovingly of his compact electric stoves and of the lasting beauties of cupro-nickel pans. Up one snowy sleeve he had a thousand pounds of lobster, up the other ten times that quantity of chicken. . . .

Ah, well. ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Intruder in the Dust—Your Witness

THE keen-sighted may notice in very small type among the credit titles of *Intruder in the Dust* (Director: CLARENCE BROWN) a statement to the effect that it was "almost entirely photographed in Oxford, Miss.," but that none of the events depicted really took place there or anywhere else. All the same the picture, which is a version of the novel by WILLIAM FAULKNER, is concerned with a near-lynching incident such as we have long been taught to believe may very easily occur in the South of the U.S., the only difference being that when we hear about such things they have usually turned out more tragically than this. The community calmly prepares, as for an entertainment, for the lynching of an old Negro assumed to have killed a white man; only a boy who has long respected him, an old woman, and the boy's uncle, a lawyer, are driven by conscience to look for and find the simple evidence that will acquit him. This involves opening a grave by night; the business about the bodies—there were two bodies in the novel—has been simplified, but otherwise the Faulkner story is quite closely followed, and the mood and point of it are successfully captured without any of the author's characteristic tortuosity of style. It is on all counts a rewarding picture: JUANO HERNANDEZ as the proud, difficult, unco-operative old Negro who infuriates the white people by refusing to "act like a nigger" is quite admirable, the other, less important parts are all well done, and the sketch of life in the little town is presented with an alert eye for the striking detail. I don't know exactly why, but the notion that the sheriff's car should arrive with a flapping burst tyre proves to have been a most enlivening one, and throughout the film similar trivialities stir one's interest without distracting attention from the line of the narrative or breaking its mood.

[*Intruder in the Dust*

Still Life

The Lawyer—DAVID BRIAN
The Condemned—JUANO HERNANDEZ

It would not be difficult to sum up *Your Witness* (Director: ROBERT MONTGOMERY) in such a way as to put you off. Its key situation is the old one of the friendly Yankee among the amusing English; its aim is to involve Mr. MONTGOMERY (who stars as well as directing) in a representative if not exhaustive selection of obvious, familiar and therefore beloved comic English circumstances. It does, in fact, much the same sort of thing as that war-time piece designed for U.S. troops called *Welcome to Britain*. Well, when English audiences saw that they found it enjoyable, and I think they will enjoy this; I must admit I enjoyed it myself, clichés and all. Ostensibly it is a murder mystery: New York lawyer comes over to help jailed ex-Army friend, and gets him released by solving a very simple problem that the English police had not even bothered to investigate. I don't think patriots need be touchy on this point, though it appears that some of them are; the whole thing is really too light-hearted for much worrying about the details of the plot. Most of the incidents are very amusingly put over, and only occasionally is the note forced. It's an amiable, cheering little film.

[*Your Witness*

Who—Me?

The Lawyer—ROBERT MONTGOMERY

* * * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

No doubt you have read about *The Miracle*: it's less a film by ROSSELLINI than a performance by ANNA MAGNANI, and an outstandingly impressive one. Others to choose from in London: *Bicycle Thieves* (11/1/50), *The Blue Lamp* (1/2/50) and *Lost Boundaries* (1/2/50).

The best new release is *Pinky* (7/12/49), a serious theme admirably treated, with good satirical touches. ROBERT DONAT'S *The Cure for Love* (11/1/50) is quite theatrical, but very amusing. RICHARD MALLETT

COMING OUT OF THE ONE-AND-NINES

THE woman seemed to be confused. "Now will somebody explain to me what it was all about?"

"I came in at the end, the same as you," the man reasoned, "and saw the beginning afterwards, the same. Why should you expect me to understand it any better than you?"

"I went to sleep in the middle," the woman admitted.

"I can see that would put you at a disadvantage."

The woman was persistent. "Who was the man we saw at the end?"

The man seemed a little irritated. "What do you mean, who was he?" he asked. "What terms are we supposed to explain it to you in?"

"Was he the bad man or was he the good man?"

"Simple terms. I see. He was the bad man."

"And the one with the small moustache?"

"A worse man."

"And the one with the thick-set shoulders?"

"A terrible man. He was the worst one of them all," the man concluded, with conviction.

The woman seemed to be horrified. "What, the one who always takes the policeman?"

"He was a policeman again," the man confirmed. "Only," he added, with satisfaction, "this time he happened to be in league with the gang."

The lights were going out on the woman again. "I particularly didn't understand that bit," she complained. "They seemed to have people in the D.A.'s office."

The man confounded confusion, and went about to make her flesh creep. "Worse than that. They'd nobbled the D.A."

"Nobbled him?" the woman repeated, alarmed.

"Kidnapped him. Taken him for a ride. Hi-jacked him, and substituted the other man for him."

"The one who looked like the D.A.?"

"That's it."

The woman seemed to be coming out of the shadows. "I wondered why the D.A. seemed to be in league with them," she reflected, enlightened.

The man plunged her back again. "But actually, of course, he was the D.A. himself."

"He was?" she exclaimed.

"Yes. You see, when they came to take him away from where they'd put the D.A., and where he was supposed to be learning to copy the D.A., the real D.A. had knocked him out."

"So the man they took was the D.A. instead of the substitute?"

"Clever, wasn't it?" The man took reflected credit.

"And the D.A. was fooling them all the time?"

The man basked in satisfaction. "That's it."

"And the man called Ace?"

"He killed the girl."

"And Cooler?"

"That was another name for Ace. That was the name his mother called him."

"Then there was the other girl, the first one," the woman continued, relentless. "Was there one of them, or were there two?"

"There were two," the man explained. "But they looked alike."

"Was that deliberate, like the D.A.?"

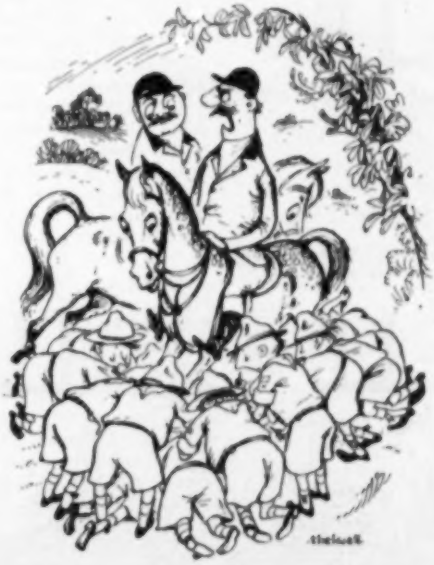
"No, that was an accident. They both happened to be blonde, that's all."

"Complicated, wasn't it?" the woman asked, her defences abandoned.

The man was unforgiving. "A picture's got to be pretty simple," he reproved her, "for people to be able to understand it when they're asleep."

Battle Honours for the Intelligence Corps.

"Learned British troops, including Royal Marines, moved into Hongkong this afternoon as general strike was threatened over a transport dispute, says Reuter."—*The Star*



"I'm sorry I ever mentioned that he had a stone in his hoof."

THE CARRIER-OF-THE-PEOPLE

ONE of the pleasantest things about the island of Crete is that nobody, now that the Germans have left, wants to muck it about. True, realistic musketry drills take place now and then, in which live ammunition is used against live targets, and citizens occasionally carve one another up with long, sharp knives, but these are traditional relaxations of a hardy peasantry and cannot properly be reckoned as mucking about. What I am getting at is that nobody wants to rationalize, nationalize, standardize or modernize the place, nobody wants to build a railway there, or a gasworks, or a tramway system, or a satellite town, or otherwise shower the gifts of civilization upon the backward islanders. Crete is one of those happy lands which are not wholly of the twentieth century: where the women till the fields and the men play backgammon in the coffee-houses all day long; where you can exercise your natural right to sleep on a pavement confident that you will not be disturbed by the gendarmes, who are probably doing the same thing; where no respectable wedding feast lasts less than a week; and where Britain is still thought of as a Great Power. Progress, luckily, has not yet caught up with Crete.

The island does indeed possess what at first sight looks like a sign of the times. It has a bus service. But a closer look makes it clear that this is nothing for the tradition-lover to beat his breast about, since the Cretan bus is as ignorant as its passengers of the blessings of Detroit and Dagenham. Like the Cretan people, it is unique, proud and independent, a rare jewel of a conveyance, with a splendid Levantine title, "Carrier-of-the-People," which is in keeping with its colour, warmth and decent respect for tradition. Crete is cursed with none of your aerodynamic, supersonic, standing-room - for - eight - only - in - the - lower-saloon monsters that go *whoosh!* The vehicles which serve her transport needs are neither fast nor sure, and they are certainly not comfortable, but they have the priceless merit of being venerable and dignified, and their carrying capacity can be stretched almost indefinitely. Barbarians from the West sometimes complain that they operate too much on the principle of here to-day and here to-morrow, but what these materialists fail to see is that the Carrier-of-the-People has been attuned to the tempo of Cretan life so as to harmonize with that other mainstay of island locomotion, the donkey.

Those who are familiar with the Green Line service may find the appearance of the Carrier-of-the-People a little odd, for it belongs to no particular race or breed of motor vehicles. It is, briefly, a mongrel among buses, with all a mongrel's engaging charm. No doubt the Cretan engineer, if he wished, could breed a bus of a good pedigree strain, but he despises all narrow specialization, and like a good Liberal prefers to put a little bit of

everything into his creations. His material is drawn from the three corners of the world, some of it obviously gleaned from the Minoan city of Cnossos, and his designs seem to owe much to the more lunatic inventions of the late Mr. Heath Robinson. But he is no slavish imitator of the work of that great foreign master. Every model that rolls, a thought uncertainly, out of his workshop is stamped with those individual touches which make up the hallmark of the Carrier-of-the-People. There are the running-boards of excessive width and the footholds and handholds on the roof for the support of outside passengers; the convenient openings in the coachwork through which horses may stick their heads; the racks for rifles, tommy-guns, hand-grenades, and other indispensable equipment of the Cretan gentleman; and the holes in the floor for patrons to spit through. The complacent engine will accept any fuel, from candle-ends to oily rags.

The bus operator, like the bus designer, has no truck with the Western fetishes of uniformity, efficiency and punctuality. He will, indeed, draw up some kind of time-table for his vehicle, but nobody, certainly no passenger, expects it to bear a relation to any present or future journey. The chief purpose of such schedules is to exercise and amuse those who prepare them, for it would be presumptuous in a human to tempt Providence by saying that at such and such a time he will be here or there. After all, so many unknown factors can upset calculations. The engine is old and ailing, the springs are in a poor way, the roads suffer from one eruption of pothole-eczema after another and the bus will be ambushed by bandits as likely as not. In the face of these material uncertainties operators pin their faith to the power of the spirit, and passengers are comforted to see painted up on the sides of the buses such pious slogans as "Heaven Preserve Us," "Doubt Slayeth But Hope Giveth Life" and "Without Daring There Is No Progress."

A journey by Carrier-of-the-People is an experience, though hardly one to be undertaken for the sheer joy of it. There is a catholicity about the choice of passengers which a London conductor would find intolerable. Admittedly, not many of the more exotic beasts which Noah herded into the Ark will be found in a Cretan bus, except those of the insect world, but one can be sure of travelling with a broad selection of domestic animals. Yet all the minor inconveniences of the Carrier-of-the-People, the heat, the cramped position, the chickens on one's lap, and the goat breathing into one's ear, are of no moment beside its significance in the eternal struggle for supremacy between mind and matter. The Cretan bus is one of the last outposts of the spirit in its losing battle with materialism. To make it go at all, let alone to go frequently, fast and far, is a supreme feat of human will-power.

The Cart Before the Horse

We treat our fellows handsomely
For, when you come to think,
We *lead* a horse to water
But we *drive* a man to drink.

"The Round Pond? Good heavens, no, it's the Serpentine."

COUNTIES

IF we were to take a map of England and fretsaw round the dotted lines inside we should have a rather easy jigsaw puzzle, but also we should have a lot of counties, in six colours. These six colours are pink, pale blue, pale green, yellow, mauve and honey, and there is a rule with maps that no two adjoining counties shall have the same colour. When you think how many counties touch how many others, that is, how many of the people you stay with in the country tell you that in ten miles they can cover three, the life of a map-colourer is seen to be as difficult as enjoyable. And I don't want map-colourers writing to tell me that they don't enjoy their job, because if there was ever a job human nature would like to be paid for, it is painting inside an outline.

England is, of course, entirely made up of counties. So is the rest of Britain, but I propose to concentrate on England in this article. The English counties start at the extreme north, at a dotted line which people motoring to Scotland are apt to encounter at Gretna Green, go right down to the South Coast, disappear and come up again as the Isle of Wight, which is morally abroad but technically Hampshire. As to the precise number, the average person reading this could add up thirty-two in his head, but would have included some twice and left out Middlesex.

The counties may be divided into London, the Home Counties, the Shires, the Midlands, East Anglia, anything beyond Andover Junction, the North, the Potteries and Part of Flint. I ought to say that the Shires are in this list for swank, and that if nine non-hunting people were asked to name them six would say Leicestershire and three would be talking and not hear.

The Home Counties are a simpler proposition. No one would deny that Surrey, Sussex and Kent qualify, which makes a good start, and most people would in fairness include Berks, Bucks and Herts as being also near enough to London to make houses too expensive unless you try the bits which would be too far away. It is difficult under this ruling to say whether Essex is a Home County, because in this sort of housing discussion someone always suggests trying Essex. I needn't say anything about the rest of the list, except the Potteries, which I have included because it is the sort of help list-makers get from people who weren't listening.

When we come to the characteristics of the English counties a mass of facts present themselves. Devonshire, for example, has red earth, teas which other counties supply for sixpence extra and very kind people who speak with the maximum of burr. Cornwall, to the outside world, is composed entirely of the seaside, which is a welter of painters painting harbours. It is also of course the county which goes on out to sea as long as there is room for it on the land. The sharp bit of Kent does not get nearly the same publicity, simply because Norfolk sticks out farther that side.

I shall not attempt to sum up the other counties, but I do want to say that something should be done to clear up the muddle at the Hampshire end of Wiltshire, or the Wiltshire end of Hampshire; also that the Ridings are not what they were since general knowledge broke out; and also that Lancashire's output of comedians has left a great many people genuinely wondering if there is or isn't a pier at Wigan.

The average size of an English county is big enough to make Rutland what it is and small enough to reflect much credit on Yorkshire; or, in other words, people who use the boundary on one side a lot don't in the course of ordinary life come into contact with the other side, but when they do cross it consider themselves only very mildly in a foreign country. At the same time, people living on the edge of Surrey know that there is the greatest difference in the world between themselves and the people a mile away in Sussex. It is rather like the difference between two grocer's shops in the same village, one being the grocer's and one the other grocer's.

But real county-loyalty is kept for the counties people used to live in. There are societies in aid of this, and there are regional songs, and ways of cooking. People are inclined also to have a special county for holidays and one where they lived at an age impressionable to cricket and so have identified themselves with that county's cricket ever since. Often these people are not in the least keen about the game now, and would define their interest as a shade above detachment; but it is difficult, by the way, to back a county at tennis. There seem to be no facilities.

A final word on abbreviations; just that not all—especially not Warwickshire—are as obvious as Co. Durham, or Hants, of which County Durham and Hampshire are unabbreviations rather than the other way round. ANDE

On Second Thoughts . . .

"PLEASE NOTE
Additional copies of this directory may be obtained from the telephone exchange at any time.
IMPORTANT
Please treat this copy carefully, it cannot be replaced."
Note on an R.A.F. telephone directory

FEAR

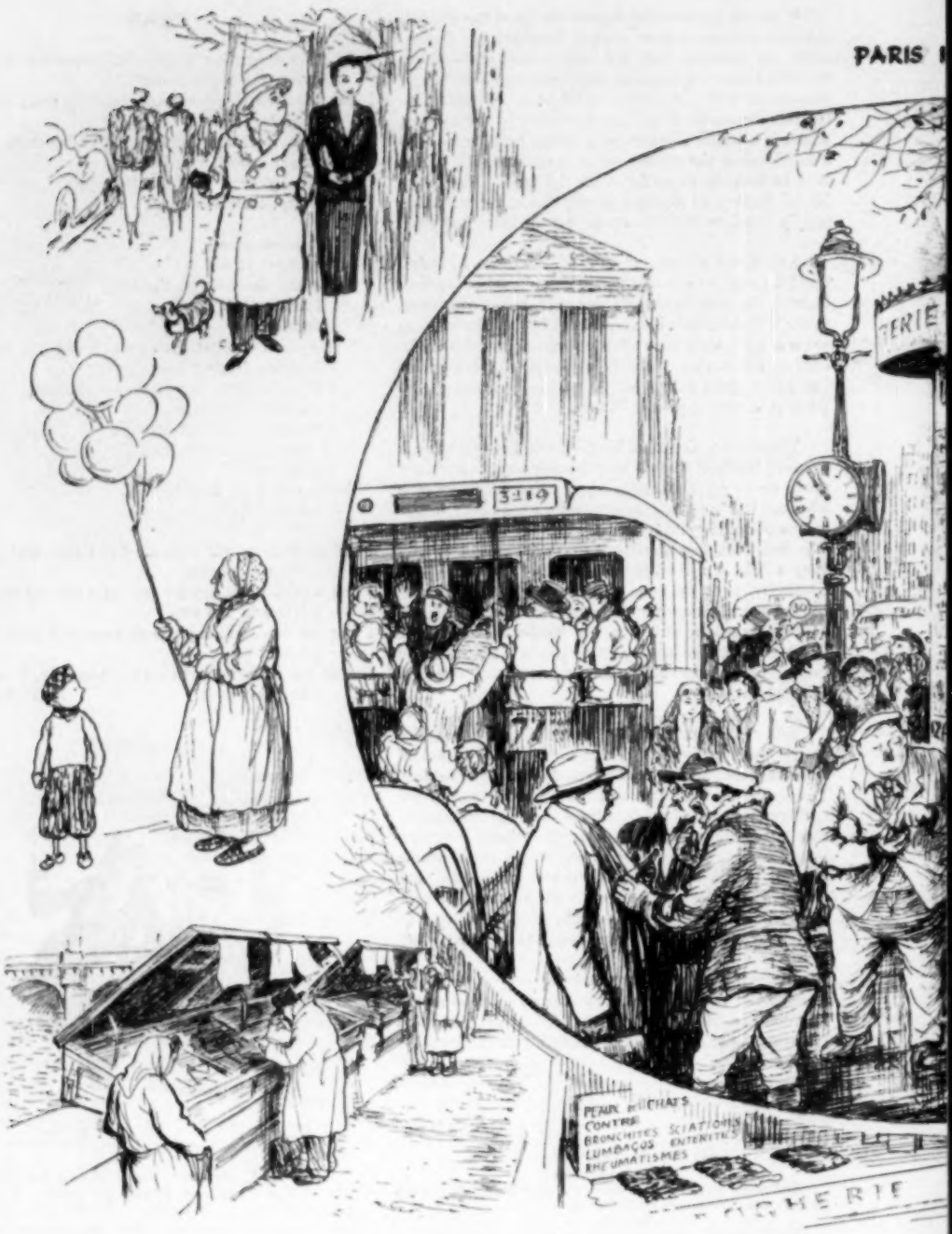
I FEAR the howling of the wind above the housetops
when the night is dark,
I fear the owls preposterously hooting from the inky-shadowed park,
I fear the footsteps following my footsteps on the lonely moorland road,
I fear the tyranny of Time that pricks me with his sharp, relentless goad . . .

But most of all,
But most of all,
I fear the shadows on the wall,
I fear the fire,
I fear desire,
I fear the messages that come along the wire,
I fear the factory hooter,
I fear the little boy upon his scooter,
I am afraid of rats
And men in bowler hats,
And buses passing by me
Terrify me,
And when I am keel-hauled
I am appalled;

I fear that fame will pass me by, I fear that poverty will catch me up,
I fear to drink the tea for fear of what the tea-leaves tell me in the cup,
I fear the oven will explode as soon as I have put the joint in it,
But as for fearing Death—why, honestly, I can't see any point in it. R. P. LISTER

"Now look, madam. You said he'd pay upstairs. He said he'd come out without any small. You said you'd left your purse behind. He said he remembered you putting it in your bag. You said nonsense. Now he says nonsense yourself—have another look . . ."

PARIS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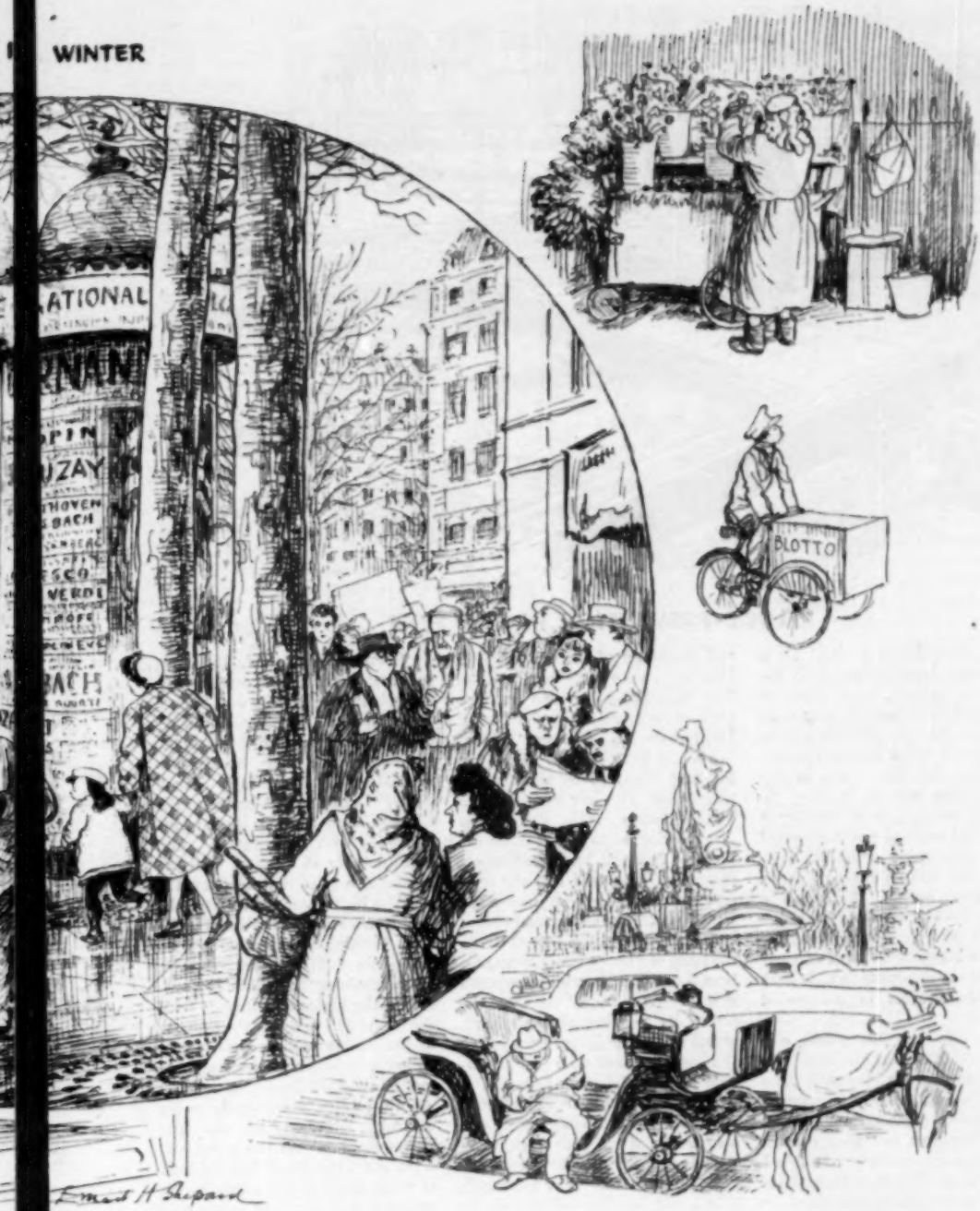
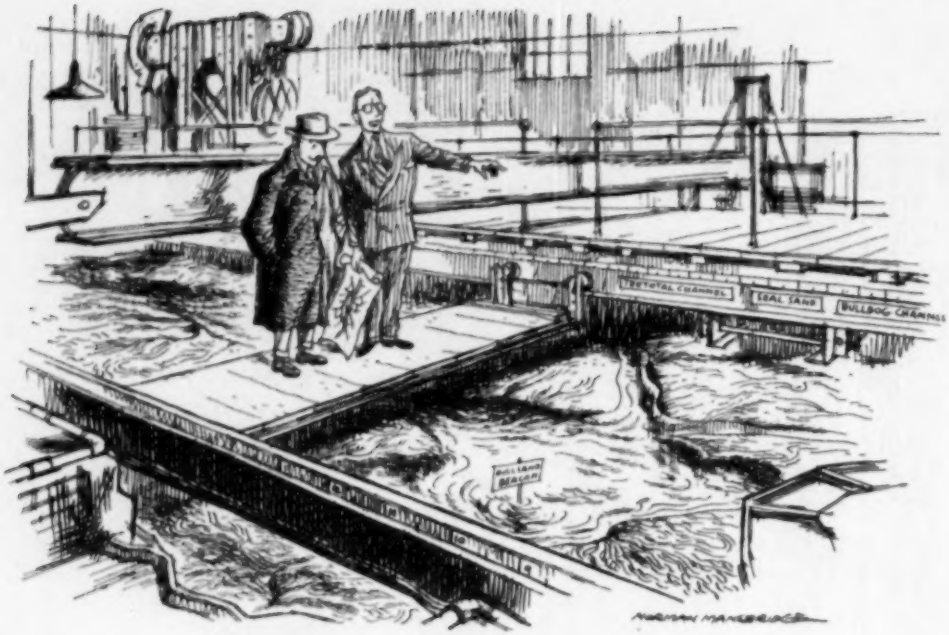
CONTRE
BRONCHITES SCIATIQUES
LUMBAGOS ENTERITES
RHEUMATISMES

WINTER





FLOOD-PREVENTION IN THE FENS

THE great floods of 1947 for a moment brought drama to the Fens, the calmest, least dramatic and possibly richest of England's farming lands. Concave, like a great dish seventy miles long and thirty-five wide with the wedge of the Wash bitten out of it, they lie tilting imperceptibly to the North Sea, a rigid landscape of unbounded black earth, ruled green embankments and sparse-dotted, yellow-brick square houses. Man-made to the very fields dried out of the sedgy peat, all their luminous beauty is from the stupendous bowl of their sky; here the eye opens to wide light and finds comfort in unimpeded distances.

The price of this peace, and prosperity, is eternal vigilance; the historic enemy is water. The Romans built a sea-wall, causeways and canals; neglect undid their work. Normans and Plantagenets tried drainage schemes and failed (it will be recalled that King John had an unfortunate experience in these parts). Floods from the rivers and incursions of the sea kept the Fens in "a state of nature," and the first thorough-going and modern work of reclamation, by the Earl of Bedford and his associated "adventurers" in King Charles' time, was for long thwarted by the fenmen themselves, who saw their trade in herons, swans, ruffs and reeves disappearing, so to speak, down the drains. A tough lot these fenmen, Hereward, Cromwell and the rest; and no wonder they are still called Fen Tigers. Tales are remembered of regular battles on the tops of dikes, the prize of victory being to make a breach or "gull" in your opponent's side of the "drain" so that the water, by flooding over his land, would relieve the danger from yours; the weapons used were just charitable homely threshing-flails.

The eighteenth and nineteenth centuries saw the elaboration and completion of the vast work, until the whole of the Fens had been converted into arable land for which to-day over one hundred pounds an acre is profitably given.

Someone has, or should have, said that every success carries within itself the seeds of its own failure. Here were all the Fens draining their water into the tidy rivers. Here were the rivers neatly embanked, with sufficiently broad grassy "washlands" between the dikes to allow them to spread high and wide with flood-waters. And here (notably at Denver) were the great sluice-gates that kept out the Wash at high water and released the pent rivers over its sandbanks at the ebb. Nothing remained to be done except the skilled and endless work of maintaining the dikes of peat, roding the kixies and fliggers from the banks and scooping the slub out of the drains with cromes, sluffs, didles or even dannels—if my fen *patois* is what it should be.

All, in fact, was literally under control. Except that the fens *started sinking*. As the peaty soil dried not only did it lose its bulk of water but bacteria masticated it away; to-day the land is seven or eight feet below the normal level of

the rivers. Near Whittlesey it has sunk fourteen feet in a century; near Littleport a house dated 1850 has been built *down* by successive underpinnings until the old front door is on the first floor. The process is continuing at the rate of about an inch a year.

The danger of floods is progressively multiplied by the sinking lands. A breached dike can no longer be a merely local peril: the flood-waters pour, or rather fall through, on to what is a vast ready-made lake-bed now perhaps twenty feet below them; once there they cannot trickle or seep *up* into the river as its level drops again, and those fens which are not yet flooded must all the time be pumping their own quota of rainfall into the already brimming waterways.

The 1947 floods served to illuminate the problem and to accelerate the measures designed to overcome it. Parliament has just sanctioned a six-million-pound project for forty miles of new relieving channel and the setting aside of five hundred acres of land to form a flood "reservoir" in case of need. This is, of course, a very great simplification of the scheme, but one which I am able to make because of that most fascinating model which is illustrated on the previous page. There, from a sliding bridge, one looks down on the Wash and the Fens, the rivers and pumps and sluices and embankments, all to exact scale and all running with exactly the amount of water to represent anything from a drought to the Worst Flood Within Living Memory. And then the miracle happens. There is the low purr of a motor somewhere, and in over the Wash comes the tide, creeping and seeping among the sandbanks, rising and advancing at scale speed, standing at high water and then ebbing away out over the runnelled sands. Two minutes is all that has gone by, but your ear is listening for the redshanks and your eye can see the grey horizon closing in over the dulling flats.

We were dragged away from this convincing plaything and shown the whole of the Fen country in two hours. I know it cannot really have been the whole of it, but to the unaccustomed eye one fen is so like the other that you must either assume that you have been standing still (which is absurd, as we used to say), or that you have seen all—no particularization is possible. In country such as this only the small things and incidents gain value and stand out: a woman silhouetted against the black plain bending to lift potatoes with the earthy rhythm of a Millet peasant; a cock-pheasant calmly standing in the low green wheat a few feet from the road, where the red winter sunlight strikes full on his breast and turns the feathers to glinting gold mail.

Our most ably arranged tour introduced us to many of the men—engineers, foremen, drainers—who plan and wage the water-battle for which the River Great Ouse Catchment Board (an awkward title) is responsible. Two of them, Jack Lupson and Bill Everitt—Fen Tigers both—hold the B.E.M. for gallant work against the floods, but all of them gave us the feeling that they deserved honour no less; there is a spirit of almost pioneer enthusiasm about that cheers the newspaper-damped mind. Space forbids the mention of their names, which would read like a veritable Ouse Who.

As darkness came on I developed an overmastering desire to see just one Fen in a "state of nature"; I wanted to know what this land was like before man so obviously laid his hand on it, when it was still, as I believe Henry VIII was told, a "brute and a beastly country." Most fortunately the National Trust had foreseen my need, and our hosts, to whom our flightiest wish was a command, drove us in the dusk to Wicken Fen. Time was short. I plunged straight into the tangle of sedge, reeds and buckthorn (a local favourite) that masks the shaking peat underfoot. In a moment I was lost to view and in another moment just lost. It grew darker. I stood still to get my bearings and take my clothes out of the buckthorn. Near me I heard a rustling, as of a primeval beast lurching through the scrub. I descried a vague, brutish, loomy form swaying near me in the bushes. Courageously and painfully I made my way towards it. Nearer. Still nearer. It was Mr. Punch's Artist. Then we went home.

JUSTIN RICHARDSON

LAND UTILIZATION FOR BEGINNERS

Notes for a Lecture to be given before the Society for the Maintenance of Progress

"THE Ministry of Health's new manual on housing shows how land can be saved on housing estates by avoiding extravagance in road dimensions." For me this news item marks the end of a great epoch of reform and progress. Humanitarianism is a spent force: henceforth our way of life will be governed by a ruthless efficiency audit. Between now and the end of the century (by which I mean midnight, December 31, 2000) I expect to read hundreds of news items in similar vein:

"To cut out extravagance and save land for agriculture, industry and defence it has been decreed that all streets are to be made narrower. The Ministry of Health defines the new maximum width as 'a distance which allows occupants of houses facing each other to shake hands across the street from their respective bedroom windows.'"

"The Government decided today to abolish the extravagant four-foot-eight-and-a-half-inch gauge of British Railways and to introduce a three-foot gauge on all tracks. It is estimated that the change-over—to be completed by 1987—will enable something like ten million square yards of new land to be brought under cultivation."

"The Ministry of Health's committee on housing recommends that the old, extravagant pre-fabricated house (erected by the thousand after World War II) should now be replaced by the 'Shilly Châlet' (architect, J. R. Shilly, M.B.E., F.R.I.B.A.), a comfortable bungalow-type dwelling which occupies less than half the ground area of the earlier model. It has been calculated that this move would bring another five thousand four hundred and twenty-three acres under the plough."

"At a meeting of the special 'Emergency Measures' committee of the M.C.C., held last week, it was decided to reduce the value of a boundary hit to two runs. This drastic step is made necessary by the Government's Control of Playing Fields (Maximum Areas) Order, a new attempt to eliminate waste and to convert the redundant acres of our sports grounds to productive arable. Full details will be embodied in a special booklet, *Instructions to Umpires and Scorers*, which will be available before the opening of the 1968 season. A hit *over* the rails will of course count three."

And so it will go on, until the land utilization experts have put the clock back to the Hungry 'Forties. One by one all the worthy goals of the nineteenth-century reformers—wider and safer roads, bigger and better schools, houses, playing-fields and so on—will be forgotten as successive waves of the economic crisis wash over us and rub our noses in the shingle. Already we are so scared about the future that a house without a party wall is "extravagant" and a street wide enough for two delivery vans and a cat is "a waste of good agricultural land." We are building "terraces" again almost before the ink that condemned them is dry, and any day now some economist or other is bound to advocate a return to "back-to-back" domestic architecture. "Come back to the Buildings!" says the gag-line of a popular show: "Back to the warmth and comradeship of overcrowding!" says the

"Could I have name, address and next of kin?"

planning opportunist; "it's the only way to stabilize the pound."

We are fifty million people living on a piece of land about the same size as the average American State, and we want to do more with our cabbage-patch than ever before—build airfields, new towns and trading estates, factories, schools, medical centres, holiday camps, government offices, railways, roads and houses. And at the same time we want to grow more and more cabbages. Well it can't be done: not on the level.

We need *three* levels. If, to live at all, we must go back to the standards and specifications of the Industrial Revolution it is arguable that to go *farther* back would ensure conditions of comfort and security. Let us, then, devote *the whole* of our land to food production and live, as our remote ancestors did, either above or below it. One of the disadvantages of Britain's waterways is that they are too narrow, shallow and sluggish, most of them, for shipping and the generation of hydro-electric power. But they'd be dandy as dormitories. Pre-fabs built on piles driven into our lakes and rivers could accommodate the whole of our population quite easily. I'm not quite so happy about the prospects for arboreal dwellings: they'd involve a vast preliminary expenditure on re-afforestation and the recruitment of thousands of coloured builders from the tropics. (I don't think we could do the work ourselves: even thatchers are practically unobtainable these days.) No, we'd live on the water—the sampans for the smaller families and the elevated huts for the rest.

Industry and transport would of course go underground, as they did to some extent—and with conspicuous success—during the war. But this time they would go deeper, down to levels where the surrounding rocks are hot enough to make artificial heating unnecessary and where abundant steam power is available at next to no cost.

I do not claim that these proposals are original. My point, and I repeat it, is that if we must retrace our steps we might as well turn and run. A steady fighting retreat could only end in chaos and ruin: let us get so far back that we can take a running jump at our obstacles. *Reculez pour mieux sauter.*

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

The Swing of the Pendulum

"Italy will be allowed to train local forces and station troops in her former colony of Somaliland under a text agreed to-day by a committee of the United Nations Trusteeship Council.

. . . . . They are drafting the agreement under which Italy will govern Somaliland until it attains Wood Green, Enfield and Southgate."

Provincial paper

TAXI

"BUT where does it get anyone?" says Ron.

"Well, I suppose," says Bert, "it's to make things more equal."

"Equal my foot!" says Ron. "What's equal in everyone that's not got a car having to walk? If that's equality," he says, "give me liberty and fraternity. Take a case," he goes on. "Say I was to see you walking along when I was driving myself to the poll, do you mean I couldn't give you a lift?"

"No. Not to the poll you couldn't," says Bert, dogmatic.

"Not even, say, ten or a hundred yards?"

"Not if it was getting me nearer the poll you couldn't."

"Strike a policeman!" says Ron. "But suppose I didn't know you was going to the poll? Suppose you was to ask me to drop you at the Black Boar? Couldn't I give you a lift then, far as the Black Boar?"

"Not if I was to go on and vote after, you couldn't."

"Well take another case then, if you was going *not* to vote. Dead set on it, and you was to see me and I was to give you a lift, and when you'd had one or two at the Black Boar Frank was to say to you 'You voted?' and you was to get talked round and go and vote after all—couldn't I have given you a lift if it had been that way?"

"Not if I was to vote subsequent," says Bert. "The way I see it this Act says no private cars can take anybody except the man what owns them and his own household, or that man's liable to be had up and his candidate'll lose his seat."

"How'll you know which candidate to throw out then? You may think you knows who I votes for, but who's to say where I puts my cross when it comes to it?"

"There's your voting paper," says Bert, scornful.

"Then where's your secret ballot?" says Ron.

"I expect they've other ways of knowing," says Bert.

"Gestapos you mean?" says Ron, getting quite hot. "It wouldn't half be a laugh if I was to vote Liberal and give a lift to lots of other Liberals and get their member disqualified so it was a straight fight after all."

"There's something in that," agrees Bert.

"And what about a bus? If I was to take a bus to the poll, would the bus company be liable for giving me a lift? And which member would be liable to lose his seat if it was proved against the bus company they took me?"

"Oh, the bus company don't count. You pays the bus company for taking you."

"Then suppose you gives me a lift and I pays you, how does it stand then?"

Bert said he couldn't take pay because he hadn't a "C" licence, and if he did he'd be caught both ways.

"Lord!" says Ron. "And suppose we was both to go on the bus, and you didn't happen to have the fare on you and I was to stand you twopence, friendly like, how should I stand then?"

"Bribery and corruption," says Bert. "You'd have paid my fare, see, to get me to vote. It'd have to be entered as party expenses. You couldn't get round it that way, not if it was proved you'd paid my perishing twopence for me."

"Then say," goes on Ron, "there was a do on in the village and everyone giving everyone else lifts in for it the way everyone does, do you mean everyone that had had a lift in would have to go home again and come down special to vote later on . . . or earlier, come to that?"

"That's the size of it," says Bert.

"Don't they want everyone to vote then?" says Ron.

"They don't want no bribery and corruption," says Bert.

"And suppose I was to hire a taxi and come along comfortable, what would there be against that?"

"Oh, there wouldn't be nothing against that," says Bert, "so long as you didn't give no one a lift free in it."

"Could two, or three, or say six or seven of us hire a taxi together then, long as we all paid for ourselves?"

"There wouldn't be nothing against that neither," says Bert.

"But suppose the taxis was all booked up by voters from the other side weeks ahead. Is there anything against doing that, long as no one gets no free lifts?"

Bert didn't see as there was.

"Then suppose I was a taxi-driver and red-hot political, and I sees to it I only takes people voting who votes for my party? Gets booked up ahead of time with them—how do I stand then?"

Bert didn't see anyone could say anything against that. Couldn't prove anything anyway.

"Then if I'm a taxi-driver they lets me take money for doing what they stops everyone else doing?"

Bert said it looked that way.

"And that makes things equal all round?"

Bert said that was the idea, far as he knew.

"Suffering proletariat!" says Ron, gentle. "Where does a bloke go to sign on for a taxi-driver?"

A WELCOME RETURN

WHEN frost is white on the lawn, and the flower-beds harden,
A strange new fruit appears on a tree in the garden.
Brown and hairy it hangs. With a flash of wings
The little blue birds flock round, and a bold one clings
A moment, fearful and yet unwilling to quit;
Till an ancient memory stirs, and the oldest tit
Ponders awhile, then chirps with eyes half shut,
"I've heard my grandfather speak of a coconut."

AT THE PLAY

Ring Round the Moon (GLOBE)
Mrs. Warren's Profession (ARTS)

WHEN I say I am a little surprised that Mr. CHRISTOPHER FRY should have made the translation for *Ring Round the Moon*, I mean no disrespect to M. JEAN ANOUILH, the distinguished French writer, but only that to a dramatist of Mr. FRY's parts the exercise, however interesting he may have found it, is no more than marking time. Several others could have tackled the job successfully, none of whom could be the parent of "Venus Observed" or "The Lady's Not For Burning." But though this new play has a smart, brittle artificiality which I should have thought was somewhat alien to Mr. FRY's true country, his wit comes through.

Ring Round the Moon is a producer's piece (the programme accurately calls it a charade with music) of which Mr. PETER BROOK makes the very most. He is helped by Mr. OLIVER MESSEL's pocket edition of the Crystal Palace—that remains fascinating even after the play itself has clearly gone on too long—and by Mr. RICHARD ADDINSELL's tattful music. Against a background in which the Cinderella story is served up afresh, stylized and rarefied in almost the Wilde manner, are thrown a series of comic turns edged with satire, most of them capital. In so curious a gallimaufry of talent the dominant flavour is not easy to pin down, for it is something beyond a skilful blend of cynicism and pathos; even during what I felt to be dull patches there was a joint artistry to be admired. In a clever performance—his best, so far, in the West End—Mr. PAUL SCOFIELD doubles the parts of lordly twins, one icy and ruthless, the other warm but shy. To lure the latter from a *mésalliance* the former introduces into the house-party a young dancer, whom he drives, as things go wrong, from one humiliation to another. The plot is slight and at times obscure; what I shall chiefly remember, apart from a certain airy charm that hangs indefinably about the evening, will be Miss MARGARET RUTHERFORD, cheroot in mouth and snuff in nostril, booming with malice from a bathchair; Mr. CECIL TROUNCER, a millionaire haunted by wealth, and Miss CLAIRE BLOOM, the maltreated Cinderella, deliriously tearing reams of paper currency into confetti; Miss MONA WASHBOURNE babbling like a gossip column in an ecstasy of social climbing; and the dance in which Miss MARJORIE STEWART and Mr. RICHARD WATTIS exquisitely burlesque the deadly rhythms of a modish floor. Miss AUDREY FILDES' dollar princess and Mr. DAVID HORNE's superbly rounded butler are both excellent. I liked Mr. MESSEL's dresses, though I wondered to what end he had mixed the 'tens with the 'twenties. On many counts this is a piece to be seen; if I seem a trifle half-hearted about it that is because the frame tends to be more striking than its contents.

[*Mrs. Warren's Profession*

Between Two Fires

Mrs. Warren—MISS ALETHA ORR
Vivie Warren—MISS BRENDA BRUCE
Sir George Crofts—MR. ERIC BERRY

[*Ring Round the Moon*

Between Two Thorns

Hugo—MR. PAUL SCOFIELD; *Madame Desmortes*—MISS MARGARET RUTHERFORD; *Frederic*—MR. PAUL SCOFIELD

Once again we are in the debt of that consistently intelligent theatre, the Arts, this time for a production by Mr. ROY RICH of *Mrs. Warren's Profession* that loses little of the high voltage of Shaw's shock-therapy and gives Miss BRENDA BRUCE, as *Mrs. Warren's* daughter, a further opportunity to prove how well she can take his crackling, commonsense heroines. The play remains surprisingly dramatic. A sound cast includes Miss ALETHA ORR, Mr. NICHOLAS MEREDITH and Mr. VERNON GREEVES.

ERIC KEOWN

Recommended

VENUS OBSERVED—*St. James's*—Laurence Olivier in Christopher Fry's poetic pyrotechnics.

THE BEAUX' STRATAGEM—*Lyric*—Late Restoration brilliance.

*TREASURE HUNT—*Apollo*—Irish extravagance, with Sybil Thorndike exquisitely mad.

(*Suitable for young people)

"Will my husband leave me for the other woman?—Will my homicidal tendencies develop?—Don't miss next week's thrilling consultation."

WET PAINT

WE writers devote a lot of time to the observation of human behaviour. I spotted a fine couple at Victoria the other day—a short, bandy old man in a plum-coloured suit and a visibly corseted lady in blue serge. I followed them craftily from the indicator-board on to platform fifteen and into their compartment—the train was not full. My instinct was correct: there was some sort of situation engaging their attention.

"It's a scandal," said the woman. Her eyes looked hot, and she fingered a splodge of bright green paint on the hem of her skirt.

"They should be ashamed," said the husband, but I felt it was only an echoed opinion. He opened his evening paper with some attempt at stealth.

"You want to go and tell 'em so," said the woman.

"What's good of that?" The old man stirred with faint irritability in his seat. "What's done's done."

"Fat lot *you* done," said the wronged woman in blue.

The old man coughed wheezily.

"Must 'ave been when you come out the what-is-it next door the buffy. Where they was paintin'." He went on quickly, "Don't go scratting at it. Wait while it dries."

"Ruined me rig-out, that's what," she said.

"Come out easy when it's dry."

"That it won't!" She refused to be comforted, and turned her face fixedly to the window as the train pulled out. The old man watched her. I watched him. How would the situation develop?

For a man presumably married many years he now showed himself to be a silly old ass. He began trying to take her mind off her troubles, which every student of womankind knows is impossible.

"'Four leap from blazing villa,'" was his first attempt. He flickered a glance at the rigid back. "'Chicken gives alarm.' Fancy that, eh?" She didn't fancy it. She didn't even hear it. She only strayed a questing finger down towards the paint-mark. The old man sighed shortly. "'Eight injured in London tram-smash. Driver detained in hospital.'"

She went on looking out of the window.

"Chicken-pox on a liner, now," he announced presently. "What it says 'ere, all begun with a stow-away."

She stirred an elbow on the narrow window-sill, and he seized his advantage quickly, thrusting the paper under her nose and pointing. "Picture of the tram-smash. Down the Borough. Run orf the rails, see? Eight injured."

She gave a snort that misted the whole window. The old man sat well back on the seat. His short legs barely touched the compartment floor, and he exercised one foot restlessly in its creased brown shoe. He made one more attempt, with "Yard man's gruesome find in wood," but it was half-hearted. I very much feared my subject had played itself out—until, rising with a sharp, testy movement, he snatched a little brown attaché-case from the rack and slapped the paper into it; it was then that I saw with some satisfaction the bright green splash across his plum-coloured calves.

Even to the confirmed observer there comes a time when the temptation to put a spoke in, to influence events, cannot be resisted. But in this case it was almost a duty to interfere. With the old man's splodge of paint a secret, the whole situation would expire. On the other hand . . .

"Excuse me," I said, with a nicely calculated blend of diffidence and concern, "but you have some—er—paint on your trousers."

He sprang up with gratifying nimbleness, crying "Where? Where?"

"Here," I said, demonstrating on my own rather neatly-trousered calves.

Unfortunately I have no idea what happened then. They had both alighted at Clapham Junction while I was still staring at my bright-green finger-tips.

J. B. Boothroyd

WAITING FOR AN ELEVEN

"WAITING for an eleven?" asked the policeman at the bus stop near Victoria.

"Yes," I said.

"Then you'll be waiting a fortnight."

My eyes followed his glance to the plate at the top of the standard. It was veiled in the brown paper customary during traffic diversion; a notice informed me that buses were now stopping round the second corner on the right.

I unfolded my shooting-stick and seated myself on it. "Any law against waiting a fortnight?" I inquired.

"No," said the policeman. "The weather forecast is good."

A foreign visitor took his place behind me. I could see he was foreign by his robes. The policeman tried the waiting gambit on him. The foreigner did not understand English. The policeman pointed up at the notice. The foreigner could not read London Transport. I tried him in my schoolboy Eskimo and Urdu; they were Greek to him.

Three Blackfoots, disguised as

Post Office workmen, erected a tepee in the middle of the road and kindled a fire. On the opposite pavement a large crowd in holiday mood was stringing up some petty tyrant to a lamp-post. *Sic pereant tyranni omnes.*

Two young women took station behind the foreigner.

"Waiting for an eleven?" asked the policeman, undiscouraged.

"For our private plane," said the dark one.

"Stratocruiser," explained the fair one to complete the picture.

A passing theatre-queue entertainer stopped and gave us an impersonation of a London Transport Public Relations officer keeping a queue's spirits up. The policeman couldn't say he was obstructing the traffic; there wasn't going to be any traffic for a fortnight. The Blackfoots were now sending up smoke-signals to war-parties in other London Telecommunication Areas. The hanging was proceeding satisfactorily.

I tossed the entertainer some South African pennies, which had been rather unnecessarily expectorated by gas-meters, telephone-boxes and slot-machines. The foreign visitor gave him a handful of camel's teeth, presumably the currency of his own country. We had been joined by a clerical officer class II from the Admiralty; I did not recognize him as a clerical officer class II by his clothes but because he lived next door to me. The policeman had stopped trying to interfere and was observing developments.

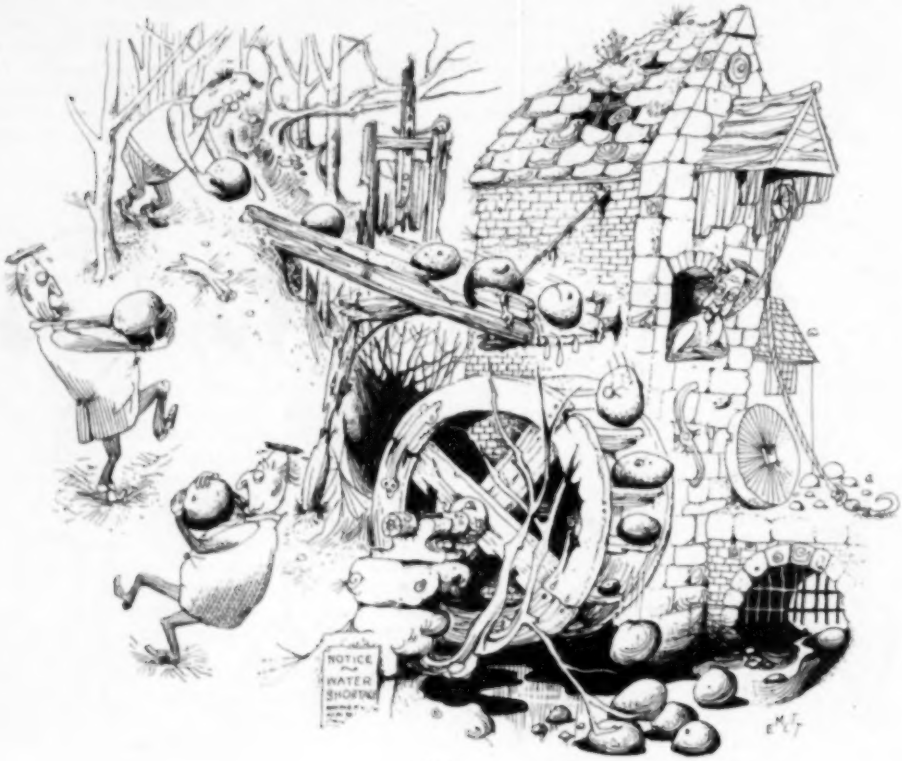
The dark young woman, who had been eyeing the window of a nearby grocer's, now darted in and returned a few moments later with some canned pilchards. I handed her a tin-opener and we were soon enjoying a hot meal round the Blackfoots' fire. The foreign visitor was apparently forbidden to join us by some taboo against eating canned pilchards cooked in the road beside a bus standard. The policeman wouldn't eat either; he had the dignity of the law to consider.

As we finished our meal the rest of the eleven I had been waiting for arrived and we set off for our match. The foreign visitor bade us goodbye in flawless Cambodian. The crowd round the lamp-post was dispersing. I'm glad I didn't realize sooner that they weren't hanging their victim after all but merely watching him fit a new burner. Half an hour can seem like a fortnight if there's nothing to divert one.

Real Gent

"Lost. Gent's Purse, containing £4 and papers. Will the finder please return papers. Reward."

Advt. in local paper



BOOKING OFFICE

Boom in Biography

BIOGRAPHY did not reach its present high average standard until the psychological novel and the more severely scholarly type of historical research had hybridized it. Criticism of sources, imaginative penetration of character and grasp of human ecology are taken for granted in any modern Life; but they are comparatively new. The great biographies of the past were freaks: Boswell had no disciples. Strachey's charity, interest in form and sense of comedy, A. J. A. Symons' rediscovery of the biographer as participant and Round's demonstration of how much could be drawn from a close analysis of meagre evidence have all combined in a great tradition which, though it leaves the artist with little opportunity for new discoveries, has settled down into a highly skilled craft.

Mr. Peter de Polnay's *Into an Old Room* is not a formal Life of Edward FitzGerald but an account of the author's developing interest in the subject, which succeeds in giving a solid and convincing picture of what FitzGerald was like and why. Mr. de Polnay lived in FitzGerald's house, talked to people who remembered him, went his favourite walks and saw the seasons from his window. He discusses FitzGerald's dream of Persia while he describes a walk through Suffolk fields with a gun under his arm and a dog at his heels, and we begin to see the kind of man FitzGerald was and the Rubáiyát becomes slightly less inexplicable. Even the grim scene when Mr. de Polnay looks out and sees the Omar Khayyám Club being led down the drive by Lord Horder and Mr. James Laver throws a backward light on the man they are about to celebrate. Less melodramatic than "The Quest for Corvo," the book has some of the same stereoscopic interest.

For a new series of short Lives the authors were asked "What biography would you most like to write?" and this gives the same opportunity for unexpected choices as a parlour game. The biographers were not supposed to settle down to large-scale research but to produce an affectionate essay on some character who had aroused their sympathy. As in other series which start with a bright idea, its aims and achievement vary considerably. Mr. L. A. G. Strong's *Maud Cherrill* tries to embalm the influence of a preparatory schoolmistress who inspired in him and many other pupils a love of literature and experience. There was little fact for him to record and, apart from expressions of gratitude, he finds it rather difficult to fill his space. The album-snaps of a governessy person helping at picnics and nursing dogs seem a desperate expedient to fulfil the publisher's promise that each volume contains eight illustrations in the finest photogravure. Mr. Rex Warner's *John Milton* has a bigger subject to rise to and does so with authority. Concentrating on work rather than outside activities, it brings Milton's prose into focus with his poetry. The man looms through his writings, and the details of his domestic and political life illuminate, not muffle, his greatness.

Mr. Irving Stone's *Darrow for the Defence* is ace American journalism, highly-coloured, swift-moving and completely in tone with its hero's tempestuous, lime-lit career. It could not be better done. Mr. Stone has mastered all the varying elements that have gone to make the modern craft of biography, and if the result is readable and entertaining that is no reason to despise it. It does not compromise: hero-worship does not become hagiography, nor criticism debunking. Darrow, who had a good deal in common with Lincoln, rose to world fame from small-town origins without losing shrewdness, humour or charity. He enjoyed a fight and knew all the holds. He could express the better sentiments of humanity pithily and, at times, poetically. He liked taking the unpopular side in controversy but lacked any comprehensive grasp of theory. He loved men and had little confidence in man. Mr. Stone traces the exciting, and at times incredible, story of his best-known cases against a background of social and religious conflict. Hated by Big Business and Fundamentalism, loved by the poor, regarded with affection and suspicion by the intellectual leaders of his time, Darrow fitted into no pigeon-hole. He was, in his own words, "the hell of a fellow." His life and times live as vividly in this frankly novelized record as Johnson and the literary London of the eighteenth century live in Boswell.

R. G. G. PRICE

Political Malady

Charlotte Haldane, courageous, outspoken, starkly unconventional, declares in her multi-coloured autobiography, *Truth Will Out*, what it feels like to pass through all the stages of a raging attack of communism fever. She has served under Bolshevist orders in Paris and Spain and China, and has revelled in denial of her own judgment and docility to Party superiors, until

finally, thanks to residence in Russia, where children starved to death in plain sight of feasting officials, she has worked through to phases of miserable disillusionment, recovery of personality, humble refreshing return of sanity and eventual complete recovery. With the knowledge of one who has suffered all the symptoms and with a brilliance very much her own she analyses the condition of those intellectuals, victims of frustration, who have fallen into the snare of that pseudo-religion where Joseph Stalin is prophet, pope and god, and where inquisition, persecution and denial of scientific truth follow a pattern all too familiar to students of history. C. C. P.

It Might Easily Happen

Miss Doreen Wallace's new novel, *How Little We Know*, begins as one sort of book—a domestic novel, based on the minor trials of our times—and ends abruptly with the sort of tragedy that usually startles us in the second chapter of a thriller. The scene is Cumberland and the setting a country house, in which Colonel Harrison lives with his tiresome wife until the top floor is let to a house-hunting couple, and an uncouth servant, Lizzie Parkin, comes to look after the owners. Lizzie may be overdrawn, but her erratic behaviour and her habit of playing truant to join fox-hunting foot-packs make enchanting reading up to the too-bitter end. It would be unfair to say more of the plot. The book rings true, most of the characters are likely, and there is a first-rate story. B. E. B.

"You didn't say anything about a moat."

People and Things

Provincial France is undoubtedly the *pays* for the right understanding of people and things: the exquisite savour of a few possessions honestly earned, artistically chosen, cherished and used by experts. Mlle. Jeanne Saleil, whose student holidays were spent in *A House in the Cévennes*—which Madame Mère, sighing for a villa at Mont-Dore, graciously conceded to the sportive proclivities of her husband—looks back from America, with a wistful gaiety that is pure Daudet, to what a troubadour would have called the matter of Fougayrolles. She is, indeed, the singer rather than the chronicler. Only once, in a chapter reminiscent of the obstetrical Hemingway, and quite foreign to her rôle of *jeune fille bien élevée*, does her lark's song falter. One is pretty sure that M. le Docteur Lacombe, who was also M. le Maire, saved her only his happiest *contes*; just as the bawdy old men of La Placette kept their nocturnal ribaldry for older maids than Mademoiselle Jeanne.

H. P. E.

Pink Interlude

The Sure Thing is a second novel by a promising young man, written in the modern American manner of breathlessness laced with crude liquor and cruder sex, but it is also a novel that treats a big and important theme with vision and detachment. When Middle Western fanaticism tinged the Communist-hunt in the United States with hysteria a number of well-meaning, loose-thinking radicals were bound to be caught unfairly on the wrong foot. Mr. Merle Miller's hero is a good American who joined the Communist Party in disgust after Munich and left it in equal disgust after the Nazi-Soviet pact. Subsequent years of honest work in the State Department were not enough to save him from ruin once the hunt was on. This book is by an artist, not a propagandist. Mr. Miller describes with most effective moderation the helplessness of a man smashed in a crusade. The domestic background is touchingly drawn and the characters are immensely alive.

E. O. D. K.

Books Reviewed Above

Into an Old Room. Peter de Polnay. (Secker and Warburg, 12/6).
Maud Cherrill. L. A. G. Strong. (Parrish, 6/-).
John Milton. Rex Warner. (Parrish, 6/-).
Darrow for the Defence. Irving Stone. (The Bodley Head, 12/6).
Truth Will Out. Charlotte Haldane. (Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 12/6).
How Little We Know. Doreen Wallace. (Collins, 8/6).
A House in the Cévennes. Jeanne Saleil. (Gollancz, 10/6).
The Sure Thing. Merle Miller. (John Lehmann, 10/6).

Other Recommended Books

The Golden Shakespeare. Compiled by Logan Pearsall Smith. (Constable, 15/-) Beautifully printed and produced anthology (700 spacious thin-paper pages) with a critical and explanatory introduction: "a sifting of Shakespeare's authentic gold from the baser metals which surround it." From single lines and phrases, often the more striking in isolation, up to whole scenes. A splendid and appetizing volume.

Student Body. M. R. Hodgkin. (Gollancz, 9/6) Murder story set on the campus among the sophomores, fraternities, seminars and abundant emotional situations of an American co-ed university. Specialized but entertaining.

THE TRADITIONAL BRITISH GENIUS FOR IMPROVISATION

"HERE, look at this, Rupert," the colonel said, waving a twelve-inch ruler at the startled adjutant and then banging the end of it on the pile of paper that littered the desk in front of him.

"Your ruler, sir?" asked the adjutant.

"No," said the colonel. "I mean yes. I didn't mean it when you came in, but now I do. Why does Sergeant Evans always insist on my having two damn great rulers on my desk?"

"Perhaps he thinks you ought to have different rulers for different occasions," the adjutant suggested.

"But they're absolutely identical." The colonel threw the ruler he was holding into a corner of the room. "Absolutely identical, Rupert."

"I'll speak to Sergeant Evans if you like, sir," the adjutant promised. "He never allows me a ruler at all," he added. "I suppose he thinks that if I've got three or four enormous red pencils I should be all right."

"Why?" asked the colonel.

"I once told him to see that I always had a red pencil on my desk. I use them for marking A.C.I.s and things for inclusion in Part One Orders." The colonel sat and frowned for half a minute; he seemed to have lost interest in stationery. "Is that all, sir?" asked the adjutant.

"Yes. I mean no, it isn't. Have you seen this?" The colonel held a sheaf of paper at arm's length in the air above his right shoulder, and the adjutant went round the desk to take it from him. When it came to the point, however, the colonel refused to relinquish it. "Don't take it away, Rupert, dammit," he said querulously. "I haven't put my initials on."

"Very good, sir," said the adjutant. In the end they each held a corner of the papers and looked at them side-by-side like a married couple studying a programme in the theatre. The adjutant was disappointed to find nothing more exciting than a copy of Brigade Routine Orders.

"This is the one," the colonel said, stabbing with his disengaged thumb. "This one about berets. It says—mah, mah, mah—well, it says some chaps have got two khaki berets and some of them have got two blue berets, instead of one of each."

"Well, we know that, sir, don't we," said the adjutant. "That's why we——"

"Yes, but it says we can't do anything about it," the colonel interrupted.

"Oh."

"What did D.A.D.O.S. tell the quartermaster?"

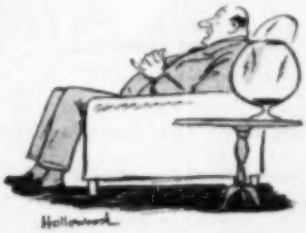
The quartermaster was called on the telephone, and there was a short technical discussion, at the end of which it transpired that D.A.D.O.S. had told the quartermaster nothing in particular.

"But doesn't it say *anything* there?" the adjutant asked. "I mean, we've got the District Commander's inspection next week."

"I know." The colonel slammed his copy of Brigade Orders down on the table and began to fidget with his other ruler. "We shall simply have to go on parade looking like a damn transit camp. Half the chaps in khaki hats and half in blue; and I suppose a lot more in green or purple or something."

"I don't think it will be as bad as that, sir," said the adjutant reassuringly.

"I think they could have been a bit more helpful," said the colonel. "Ring up the staff captain at Brigade."



"I only take it medicinally, of course."

The adjutant made a telephone call to Brigade Headquarters, where the staff captain told him that he had himself written the offending order. "But I got most of it out of a War Office letter," he added defensively. "Er—all of it, actually." When this conversation was reported to the colonel he went very red and began to speak in a harsh, grating voice.

"Do you know what that order says? Do you, Rupert? It says that the matter is regretted, but they suggest that commanding officers should make the best possible arrangements in the circumstances."

"The best possible arrangements," the adjutant repeated unhappily.

"I suppose," the colonel said, sighing deeply, "you haven't any idea at all how many men have got two blue berets and how many have only got khaki?"

"I'll call for a return right away, sir."

"We might get them sorted out into complete platoons of each colour."

"I suppose so," said the adjutant without enthusiasm.

"Well, I don't see what we can do otherwise," the colonel said irritably, "except have the battalion looking like a damn transit camp." He slapped his copy of Brigade Orders with the flat of his hand and felt under his In- and Out-trays for something to initial it with. As usual there was nothing. "Why the devil can't *I* have a red pencil?" he complained. "That chap Sergeant Evans wants smartening up."

"I'll give you one of mine, sir," the adjutant said.

"All right. You can have," the colonel added with a sudden generous impulse, "my other ruler instead, if you want it."

"Thank you very much, sir."

"And for heaven's sake, Rupert," said the colonel as the adjutant made for the door, "get busy and think up something to do about those damned berets before the District Commander's inspection."

B. A. YOUNG

CHANCES

ASKED by an *East Reddington Sentinel* reporter what he thought of his chances of wresting the East Reddington seat from under the sitting Labour M.P., Sympson said that if all Conservatives would vote he would win.

In reply to the same question the sitting M.P. said that if all Socialists would vote victory was certain.

The Liberal candidate said that if all Liberals would vote defeat was impossible.

According to a poll taken by the *Sentinel* in a sample area of the constituency the result should be:

SYMPSON (Cons.) ..	20,000
PUFFING (Lab.) ..	17,000
NEWT (Lib.) ..	5,000

The *East Reddington Observer*, however, expects something like the following:

PUFFING (Lab.) ..	20,000
SYMPSON (Cons.) ..	17,000
NEWT (Lib.) ..	5,000

The fact is, however, that the Lab. and Cons. forces are so equal that the result is almost certain to depend on the personality of the two candidates. Sympson and Puffing are both well known locally, and have been busy losing votes during the past four years. Though exact figures are not available, authoritative estimates of the votes lost by Sympson while he has been nursing the constituency are as follows:

Votes lost at Whist Drives	73
Votes lost at Dances ..	94
Votes lost at Socials ..	22
	189

The Whist Drive calamities may be sub-divided as follows:

Revoking	53
Misdealing	11
Laughing at Defeat ..	9
	73

The Dance votes have been lost mostly by treading on partners' toes, tearing dresses and knocking partners' heads against pillars. The Social votes have been lost by (*a*) not recognizing people, (*b*) thinking people were other people.

Puffing is a much older campaigner than Sympson, and has not risked the perils of social-political life. Instead of turning up at Whist Drives, Dances and Socials he has almost invariably sent a telegram at the last moment saying that he was detained at the House, ill, or held up by fog. It is authoritatively estimated that by this method he has lost votes as follows:

Not turning up at Dances	102
Not turning up at Socials	23
Not turning up at Whist Drives	94
	219

This would seem to give Sympson a lead of thirty votes, but there is another factor to be taken into consideration. Sympson has done a lot more house-to-house canvassing than Puffing, and compared with Puffing is estimated to be down the drain to the following extent:

Suppers spoiled while he nattered at the door	14
People who didn't like his looks	7
People interrupted working out permutations ..	9
	30

It would appear from all these calculations that voting between Sympson and Puffing will be extremely close. The Liberal has the great advantage of having been adopted only two months ago and therefore being almost unknown. Had he held his hand a few weeks longer it is generally thought that he would have had a good sporting chance.

D. H. BARBER

Cymru am Byth

"Speaking 'as a Welsh-speaking woman, Alderman Mrs. Hayward said: not want afitJl'? S'J(Web c dn.,. b."

South Wales paper

"Excuse me, but isn't your Union Jack upside down?"

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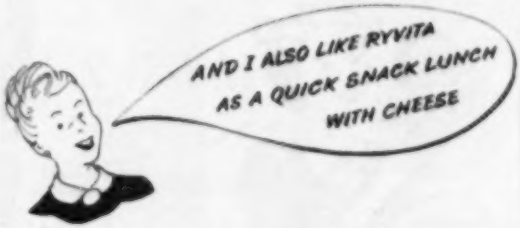

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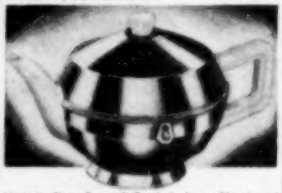

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'Sanatogen' contains phosphorus and protein in an easily assimilable form. For more than 50 years hundreds of thousands of people have been gaining new health, strength and zest from 'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic Food — you can do the same! Listlessness will disappear — renewed vitality will be yours. 'Sanatogen' is obtainable from all chemists. Prices (including tax) from 5/6d.

SANATOGEN
Regd. Trade Mark
NERVE TONIC FOOD

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4

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Clayton's

IS THE NAME TO **BEAR** IN MIND

CLAYTON'S ORANGE SQUASH

Makes a good gin taste better

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Domestic Policy Demands the

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MODEL 'V'

because this wonderful modern cooker combines an unending supply of hot-water with the functions of a really first-class cooking stove. It saves fuel, saves money, saves work, since it is easily maintained and needs little attention, and its modern lines will improve the appearance of your kitchen.

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★ *Our famous Triplex open fire grates are still available*

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Tired limbs, weary after a day's play, need every possible support if they are to awake refreshed. The LATAFOAM Mattress ensures restful sleep with its cosy luxury that moulds to the sleeper's form. Every movement causes the mattress silently to inhale and exhale, so maintaining a comfortable, even temperature.

Latafoam

LATEX FOAM **MATTRESSES**

Obtainable from all departmental and furnishing stores everywhere
If you experience any difficulty write to Latafoam (Sales) Ltd., High Holborn, W.C.1

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Because Blansheets have banished sheet shiver, some people think they are only for winter use. Not a bit of it! These soft, inviting sheets are made on a sound insulating principle and that means their pleasant, downy texture is as cool in summer as it is cosy in winter.

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Vantona Blansheets

In white or pastel shades of blue, green, rose or gold
From 8/9d. (30" x 60") to 69/9d. (90" x 108") each, according to size

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This is a new Princess Slip. With a double, bias-cut brassiere top and adjustable shoulder straps, it is designed to flatter the bust line. The straight-cut panelled skirt slims the hips and yet gives that flare to the hem which is the keynote of the perfect foundation. Sizes 32"-44".

Prices **29/11** *and* **34/6** *according to size.*

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"VALERY" . . .
in perfect harmony with Springtime, when sunshine, gay flowers and green bursting buds make life a lighthearted affair

All Waukeezi shoes are made in Multiple Fittings for your particular comfort.

Look for
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There's beauty in good lighting

THE FINISHING TOUCH . . .
ROYAL "EDISWAN" LAMPS

BY APPOINTMENT
SUPPLIERS OF ELECTRIC LAMPS
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"SHE WAS EVER SO OBLIGING . . .

She even obliged me to follow her example and have an AGA"

A TRUE AND ENCHANTING STORY

"Mrs. B——, who is my very obliging domestic help, saved her earnings for years and bought an Aga," relates a new Aga owner in Surrey. "I didn't have one *at first!* And every day I'd hear, 'Now ma'm if you had an Aga' . . . there'd be plenty of hot water *any* time . . . or no fuss about lighting up and waiting . . . or no dirty cooker to clean, no black pots and pans, a spotless kitchen . . . or food cooked better and almost without watching, a cosy kitchen always. At last my husband and I investigated. We discovered that the Aga does all the cooking and heats lashings of water, enough for 3 baths and all household uses, yet burns only a shillingsworth or less of fuel a day. When we discovered what a lot of money the Aga saves, we changed to the Aga. We are so very glad we did!"

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SEND TODAY
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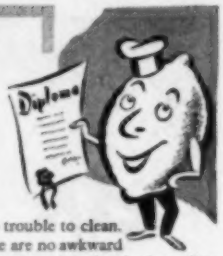
Proprietors: Allied Ironfounders Ltd.

AGA *Regd. Trade Mark* COOKERS AND WATER HEATERS

THIS LEMON SWEET DESERVES

Honorable Mention

says Patricia Seymour



TO YOUR FAMILY the most eagerly-awaited part of a *special* dinner is the sweet course, and here is a really delicious lemon pudding. It not only has a wonderful flavour but *looks* mouth-watering and attractive if you serve it in a crystal-clear 'Pyrex' brand dish. This beautiful glass ovenware retains *all* the exciting flavours, and there's no danger of the food drying up. You can *see* when the food is cooked and take it *straight* to the table, where this sparkling glassware really *adds* to the gay and festive atmosphere.

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Grease 2-pint 'Pyrex' brand pie-dish. Sift 8 oz. self-raising flour; ½ level teaspoon salt. Rub in 3 oz. margarine. Grate rind of 1 lemon into 2 oz. sugar and add to mixture. Beat one egg, mix with ¼ pint milk and water, and fold into mixture. When smooth, place in pie-dish. Bake in moderately hot oven for half an hour. Squeeze out lemon juice, remove pips, heat with ¼ lb. apricot jam. Mix 1 level teaspoon arrowroot (or cornflour) to a thin cream with water, stir into jam mixture, bring to boil. Pour over hot pudding and serve at once. (Ministry of Food tested.)

GOOD TRADE MARK **'PYREX'** BRAND **OVEN-TO-TABLE GLASSWARE**

All 'Pyrex' brand ovenware carries a 12 months' free replacement guarantee against breakage by oven heat. It is made by James A. Jobling & Co. Ltd., Wear Glass Works, Sunderland. Obtainable only from retailers.

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FOR THE DOWRY OF HIS NOT VERY GOOD-LOOKING DAUGHTER
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FRANCS AND TWO BOTTLES OF DUBONNET.
"S'il en veut offrir trois je m'intéresse
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IN THE PROPOSITION MYSELF.

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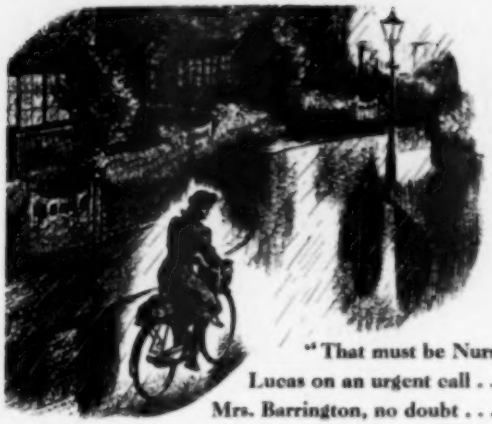

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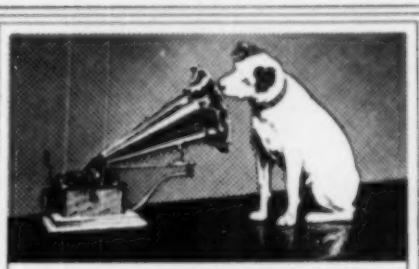

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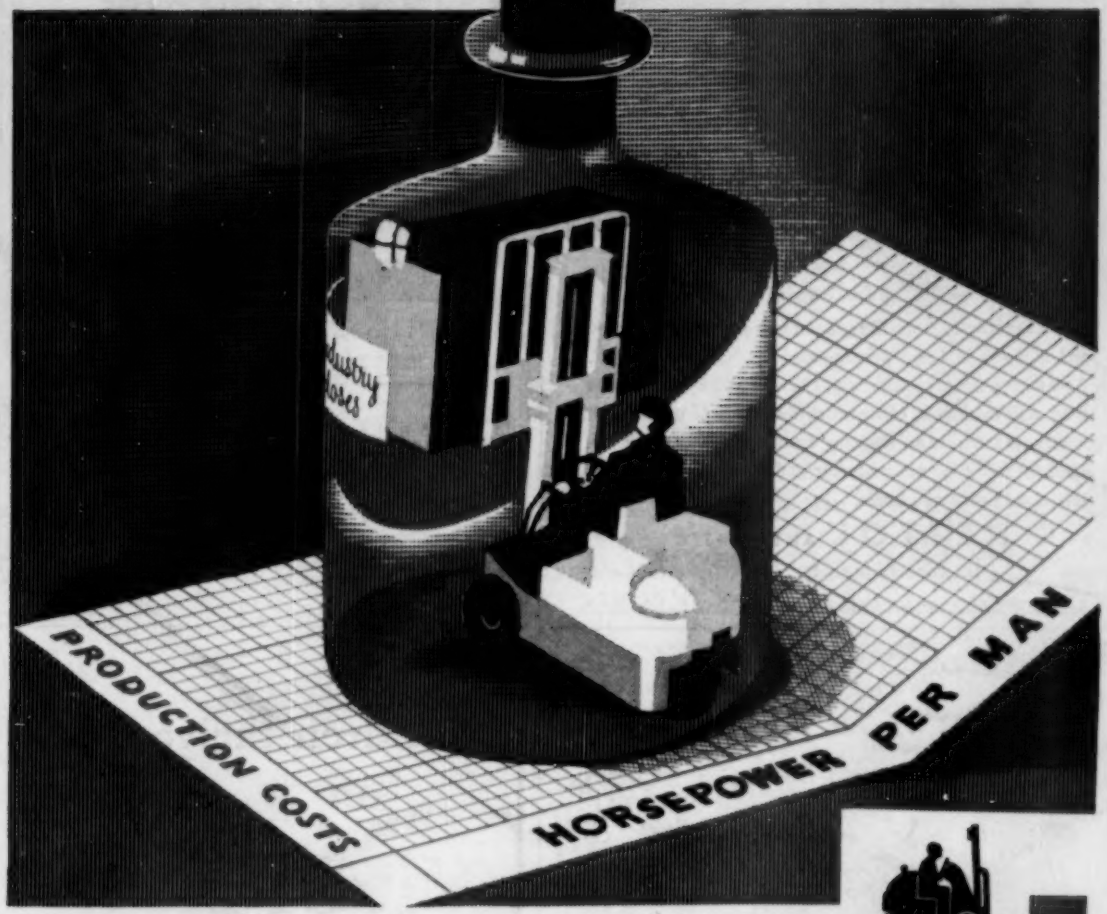

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